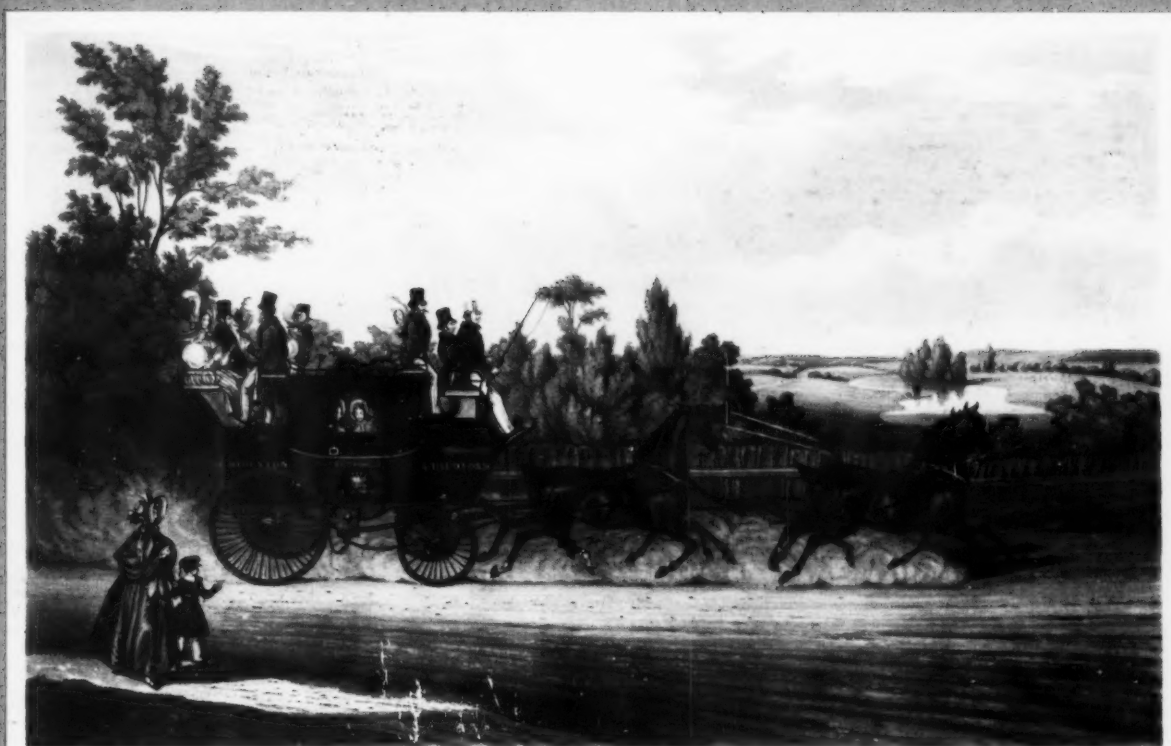


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ON A PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O.

VISITORS to the State apartments in Hampton

Court Palace cannot fail to notice two large whole-length portraits representing Philip IV King of Spain and Isabel (or Elizabeth) de Bourbon, his first wife and queen (see Plates A and B). The two portraits declare themselves at once as having issued from the *atelier* of Velazquez. The appearance of two such portraits in the Royal collection can be explained very easily. Isabel de Bourbon was the eldest sister of Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, and, apart from this close family relationship, Charles I of England and Philip IV of Spain were both lovers of art, and interchanged pictures, ever since Charles I's visit to Madrid as Prince of Wales in 1623. In 1638 an interchange of Royal portraits took place, as stated in a letter from Sir Arthur Hopton, then British Ambassador to the Spanish Court, to Lord Cottington on July 26 of that year, in which he says:

"I shall have the King and Queenes pictures for the Queene. I delivered those her Matie sent, w^{ch} were discovered to be no Originalls. They are now become more judicious in and more affectiond unto the



PLATE A. PHILIP IV.
By Velazquez
Hampton Court Palace

By gracious permission
of H.M. The King

Art of Paynting, then they have beene, or then the world imagines. . . ."

Now in this same year Van Dyck had been commissioned by Charles I to send portraits to Spain, as entered in Van Dyck's own account:

"More for the pictures w^{ch} Sir Arthur Hopton hd into Spaine, £75."

It is evident that the portraits sent by Van Dyck were not by his own hand, this being at once detected at Madrid, perhaps by Velazquez himself. In these circumstances one might assume that, in sending their own portraits to Queen Henrietta Maria, the King and Queen of Spain would wish to avoid a similar charge of sending mere copies which Charles I would be sure to detect. It was probably at this

same time that, as the two Queens were anxious to arrange a marriage between Prince Baltasar Carlos of Spain and Princess Mary of England, the whole-length portrait of the boy-prince was sent to England. This is now at Buckingham Palace, and is generally accepted as the work of Velazquez throughout.

The portraits were evidently not delivered in time to be included in Van der Doort's

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

"Catalogue of King Charles I's Collection" compiled in 1639, but they can be traced in the inventory of the King's pictures drawn up by the Parliament about 1645, as "the now King of Spain at length" and "the now Queen of Spain at length," although Queen Isabel had died in 1644. The two portraits were bought at the actual sale by a Mr. Jackson, from whom no doubt they were recovered for the Crown at the Restoration, since when they have been in the Royal collection.

These two portraits have usually been dismissed as mere school copies from the *atelier* of Velazquez. Yet critics have not been unanimous on this subject. The late Sir Claude Phillips — no mean authority upon Velazquez, as on other painters — had a great admiration for this portrait of Philip IV, and more than once gave it as his opinion that the actual portrait of the King was too well painted for a mere copy, unless, as he also suggested, the copyist was no less a person than Rubens.

It is written in history how Rubens was sent on a mixed artistic and diplomatic mission to Madrid in 1628, during which he spent much time in copying pictures, especially the works of Titian, besides doing a certain amount of original work. He gained the confidence of King Philip and Queen Isabel, and did paint their portraits, which portraits are now in the National Gallery at Vienna, having formed part of the great Imperial collection. Rubens also made friends with Velazquez, then a young man with a future. Although it may be surmised that Velazquez would not remain uninfluenced by so great an artistic

luminary as Rubens, there is nothing to show that Rubens ever copied a painting by Velazquez, or was influenced in any way by the younger painter.

The portraits of Philip IV and Queen Isabel at Vienna were painted by Rubens in 1628; those at Hampton Court Palace belong to some few years later, after Rubens had left Spain, never to return.

Circumstances do not permit of any conjecture that Rubens possessed, or had access to, any original portrait of Philip IV by Velazquez from which he could have made a copy. The name of Rubens must therefore be dismissed.

The high opinion held by Sir Claude Phillips — and, it may be said, other critics — of this portrait of Philip IV challenges an investigation. The portrait, taking the age of the King and the costume, is clearly contemporary with the famous equestrian portrait of the King by Velazquez in the Prado at Madrid. In each of these portraits and in no other the King wears the same suit of armour. In the long series of portraits of Philip IV by Velazquez there does not exist at present any similar portrait of which the

portrait at Hampton Court Palace could be called a replica, or a mere copy (see Colour Plate). It may be conceded that the nether limbs and the accessories have been added in the studio, but the head, lace collar, and sash show the hand and the brushwork of a master-painter; so that, if Velazquez be rejected, one must look to some other great painter, as Sir Claude Phillips looked to Rubens. Is it necessary, however, to reject Velazquez as the painter? Among the



PLATE B. ISABEL DE BOURBON
QUEEN OF SPAIN
By Velazquez
Hampton Court Palace

*By gracious
permission of
H.M. The King*

On a Portrait of Philip IV of Spain at Hampton Court Palace

paintings of his Middle Period, this portrait is not unworthy of taking a place with the whole-length portrait of Philip IV in the National Gallery, with the so-called "Don Antonio el Inglés" and other portraits of this period. There seems to be no good reason for removing the name Velazquez from the frame.

In the case of the companion portrait of Isabel de Bourbon, the circumstances are not quite the same. Philip IV evidently took pleasure in his own portraiture, and kept Velazquez busy each year, in order that posterity might trace the gradual disfigurements, in advancing years, of a physiognomy which was quite devoid of beauty at the start. His queen, Isabel, was very differently disposed. She actually disliked having her portrait painted, although she could not, for obvious reasons, avoid it altogether. It may be surmised, therefore, that all Velazquez was able to do was to get the Queen to sit for a sketch portrait which he could use as a model for all the official portraits which he might be called upon to produce. In the process of production Velazquez would, in the ordinary course of business, only paint in the actual portrait himself and hand

over the costume and accessories to his assistant, to Juan del Mazo or some other (see Plate C). If, therefore, the portrait of Queen Isabel at Hampton Court Palace may seem to be rather dull and uninteresting, the same applies to the other versions of the

same portrait in the Vienna Gallery and elsewhere, and even to the equestrian portrait of the Queen in the Prado Gallery.

They are all variations on the same theme, perhaps at times by Velazquez himself, but more generally by his assistants. The portrait of Queen Isabel at Hampton Court Palace is worthy of better esteem; the face is lively and attractive, and for quiet dignity and subdued magnificence this is by no means an unworthy representation of a winsome and by no means unimportant Queen.

It is one of the duties of a Court painter to supply portraits for official purposes. It is

unreasonable to expect that such portraits should be painted entirely by the painter's own hand. It may, however, be assumed that no painter like Velazquez would let a portrait go out of his *atelier* without having approved and perhaps worked on it himself.



PLATE C. PORTION OF PORTRAIT—ISABEL DE BOURBON



THE MADONNA SURROUNDED BY SAINTS

Musée des Beaux-Arts, Budapesth

Giovanni Boccati da Camerino

A RECONSTRUCTION CONTINUED

By W. G. CONSTABLE

IN APOLLO, vol. ii, p. 201, Professor Borenius published two panels by the Umbrian painter, Giovanni Boccati, one from the collection of Mr. W. H. Woodward, the other from that of M. Joseph Spiridon. These he had recognized as companion pieces from the same predella; and he expressed the hope that the reconstruction thus begun might at some time be carried farther. The subjects of the panels he identified as "A Miracle of S. Nicholas" and "The Death of S. Nicholas" respectively, and surmised that the altarpiece of which they formed a part gave to S. Nicholas a specially prominent position.

Consideration of the facts, however, suggested another hypothesis. In studying the work of Boccati, I noticed certain stylistic resemblances, notably in types and drapery, between the panels and an altarpiece in the Budapesth Gallery, dated 1473, which represents the "Virgin and Child with Angels and SS. Juvenal, Sabinus, Augustine, and Jerome."* The description of Mr. Woodward's panel as "A Miracle of S. Nicholas" had never satisfactorily explained some of the details, notably the blindness of the saint; and so the question came up whether the subject was not connected with one of the saints in the altarpiece, and, in particular, with S. Sabinus. Investigation by Mr. Woodward made it clear that this is so. The incident represented is described in the "Acta Sanctorum," pieced together and translated by Mr. Woodward from three separate accounts† as follows: "S. Sabinus became Bishop of Canusium in Apulia. Late in life he fell blind; but, in compensation for so grievous a misfortune, he had the grace vouchsafed to him that his spiritual sight was quickened. Totila, King of the Goths, learning this wonder from his courtiers, would test the truth thereof. He invited the saint to his table, setting him on his left hand. At a sign from the king a page made as though to offer the cup to the guest. Thereupon Totila secretly put forth his hand to take it from the page, and so offered the cup himself to the saint. But the holy man, though unseeing, knew by his inward sight

what the king had done, and to the king he said, as he accepted the cup, 'Strength to this thy hand, O King.' Totila, knowing he had been discovered by the holy insight of the saint, his guest, blushed, but yet was glad in that he had made proof that the saint was, indeed, gifted with power of prophecy in things unseen. Thus was Totila won over to deep veneration of the saint, and thenceforth took him and all his flock into his perpetual protection."

Totila, looking somewhat ashamed of himself, is seen handing the cup to S. Sabinus. There is a slight variation from the story in that two pages appear—one on the left from whom Totila has apparently taken the cup, another in the centre still holding the cup he had offered to the saint. Otherwise, every detail corresponds. The test of sanctity applied to S. Sabinus was evidently a favourite one with Totila. Hearing of the reputation of S. Benedict, whom he had never met, he clad his armour-bearer in his own armour and sent him to personate him at Monte Cassino. The saint, however, detected the fraud, and thus convinced Totila of his spiritual powers. This incident is one of those represented by Signorelli in the famous series of scenes from the life of S. Benedict painted by him at Monte Oliveto, near Siena.

The above interpretation of Mr. Woodward's panel makes it clear that the subject of M. Spiridon's picture is the "Death of S. Sabinus." This occurred in 566; but the saint continued long afterwards to be an active worker of miracles. That he was patron saint of Camerino gives a certain appropriateness to his being represented by Boccati, who was a native of that city. His being chosen for special honour in the altarpiece, by having at least part of the predella devoted to him, is explained by the fact that the altarpiece came originally from the Chapel of S. Sabinus in Orvieto Cathedral. Comparison of the width of the altarpiece (1'625 in.) with that of the small panels (0'41 in.) makes it probable that the predella was in four sections. Two of these, therefore, still remain to be found. If they still exist, their identification will be assisted by the probability that they represent scenes from the life of one or more of the three saints who accompany S. Sabinus in the main panel.

* No. 74, Tempera on wood, 1'87 in. high by 1'625 in. wide.

† IX, Feb. S. Sabinus. VIII, p. 318; cap. III, p. 326: *Chron. Metricum Joh. de Bari, archidiaconi*, p. 329.

ENGLISH SPORT IN OLD COLOURED PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

(The illustrations are reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.)

THERE is nothing more essentially English than the old coloured aquatints which, with such lively humour, depict the sports of flat-racing and the steeplechase, fox-hunting, coursing, game-shooting, and angling, in every phase that our grandfathers knew, and bring coaching, with all its incidental hazards of the road, vividly

engravers in the same spirit translated them into terms of etching and aquatint, and, save in very rare instances—when the colour was actually printed with the aquatint, as with stipple or mezzotint—left their prints to be coloured by hands deft enough in the matter of laying on tints, though not seldom inclined to over-emphasize tones. Whose hands these



GRAND LEICESTERSHIRE
STEEPLECHASE

*Painted by Henry Alken
Engraved by C. Bentley*

within the realm of sporting adventure. Very spirited the best of these things are for the most part, with a green and open-air jollity about them; and whether or not they are directed by any artistic motive, their pictorial aim is invariably to represent the facts in as sprightly and engaging a fashion as the artist thinks he has seen or imagined them. The painters exhibited their knowledge and delight primarily in horses and dogs, under all the varied conditions of English sport, and the

were matters little or not at all, but the colouring in the first instance was the painter's, and if the model was not always faithfully followed, who should know to the contrary? The contemporary buyers of sporting prints were rarely connoisseurs of art and were little concerned if the tones were not in harmonious relation, but they cared a lot that the print should give them a lively and specific representation of some incident of the particular sport that interested them. And present-day

English Sport in Old Coloured Prints

collectors, who happen also to be keen sportsmen and seek the prints that show how their forbears were wont to follow the hounds, or go partridge shooting, or make their journeys by mail coach, are usually more lenient to shortcomings in matters of design, or draughtsmanship or colouring, than in technical details of the sport itself. But some of these painters and designers were sportsmen themselves to a greater or less degree, accustomed to handle a horse or a gun or a rod as to the manner

sport! Then the two Dean Wolstenholmes, senior and junior, who are so often confounded—their delightful hunting scenes bear the impress of their own sportsmanship and loving familiarity with the country. Samuel Howitt, too, what a thoroughly open-air man he was—a true Epping forester—who had his native woodland landscape so naturally at the end of his brush, and treated his fox-hunting scenes as if he had actually lived through every one of them, while his game-shooting incidents



COURSING

*Painted by Samuel Alken
Engraved by T. Sutherland*

acquired if not born, and, jealous of this expert habit, they made pictorial use of it as naturally as possible in their pictures. There was the prolific Henry Alken, for instance, well known also by the *nom de plume* "Ben Tally Ho!" whose prints, engraved by himself or others, and ranging over nearly forty years, depicted all the imaginable incidents of the turf, of steeplechasing, fox-hunting, shooting and coaching, with knowledge gained at first hand from practical experience in the field; and how seldom he erred in any detail of the

were authentic records of personal experience. Then Richard Barrett Davis, the son of the huntsman to George III's harriers, who used sometimes to ride, but more often to follow the hounds afoot, with his sketching materials ready at hand to do the thing on the spot, so that he became "animal painter to His Majesty" William IV; and Ben Marshall of Newmarket, and Jacques Laurent Agasse, the anglicized Swiss, who had a rare knowledge of horses, and of whom Landseer frankly admitted, "He paints animals as few of us



THE DEATH

Designed and engraved by Samuel Howitt

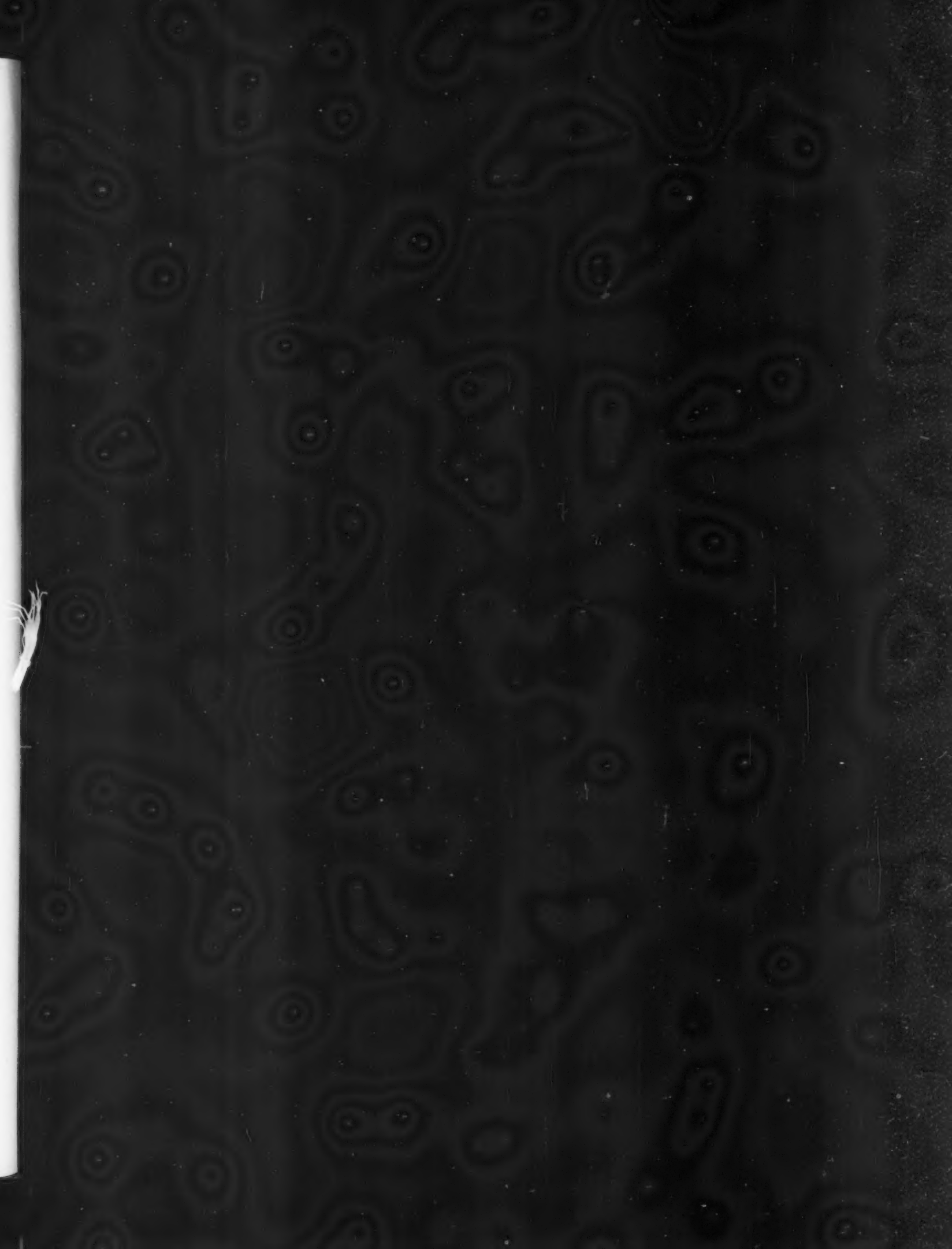
can"; and certain others who rode and shot ostensibly for the sake of their art, but not a little for the joy of the sport itself. And James Pollard, what of him? Whether he was a sportsman or not, I do not know, for biographical details concerning him and his father Robert, the designer and printseller, are singularly sparse; but that he had a specialized pictorial knowledge of racehorses, hunters, and coach horses is certain—a knowledge he could scarcely have gained without constant personal familiarity with them in their specific circumstances, and a prolific vivacity in drawing and painting them in those conditions. But what makes him particularly important to the present-day collector of sporting prints is that, between 1815 and 1838, he appears to have represented almost every phase and incident of the coaching era in its greatest days, with all its picturesque adventures; in fact, without James Pollard we should lack much intimate knowledge of the various mail coaches, and the inns they started from, or at which they put their passengers up for the night. I, for one, would give a wilderness of the pretty-pretty stipple prints for Pollard's engaging picture of "The Elephant and Castle on the Brighton Road" of 1826, aquatinted by Fielding, and charmingly tinted by the

lord-knows-who, with all the bustle and movement surrounding the one inevitable house of call for the mail and stage coaches, the fly van, the post-chaises, the great general waggon with its six lumbering horses, and the lordly carriage with its swift team, and all the hungry or well-fed passengers, eager to arrive or be off, the drivers, ostlers and hangers-on. What a lively, noisy scene it is; how tidy and orderly the houses look along the road, and how the old-world atmosphere keeps a modern look in the familiar names of localities upon the arms of the sign-post! And how my father—who died in the beginning of the present century, and first travelled the Brighton road in

1820, when seats had to be booked a week in advance—used to enjoy this print after Pollard, bringing back as it did, more vividly than most, the old times that he had known as a boy! And memorably fragrant, too, is C. Rosenberg's attractively aquatinted "West Country Mails at the Gloucester Coffee House, Piccadilly," whence my father started for a long journey to Bath; with what a homely eye Pollard saw the much-frequented house, so picturesquely balconied, with the hatter's and the fishmonger's shops beside; and what a sociable air there is about the scene—the four coaches with their travellers inside and out,



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING (1805) *Designed and engraved by Samuel Howitt*





COACH ENTERING THE WATER COACH

English Sport in Old Coloured Prints



WATER FOWL SHOOTING, ALEXANDRIA

Painted by R. B. Davis. Engraved by R. G. Reeve

WATER-FOWL SHOOTING

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

and the lively little one-horse chaises, the men, travellers and townsmen alike, all in top hats and the women in huge poke bonnets! Such prints as these are of real historic interest, since they help us to document the social lives of our forbears, and I cannot help feeling grateful to James Pollard and his like.

Messrs. Colnaghi have recently held an exhibition of old English sporting prints, choice and fairly representative of the early

is Plate IV that I have chosen for reproduction, where "The Field Becomes Select," as they ride over an open, hilly country, and Captain Ross, the leader, is just taking the water-jump in grand style, as the others, nearest to him, ride and ride and ride. We also saw Henry Alken, as "Ben Tally Ho!" engraving his own designs in seven small plates, "Sporting Discoveries—The Miseries of Shooting," and four representing "The First Steeplechase on



THE COACH AND HORSES, ILFORD.

THE COACH AND HORSES, ILFORD
(The Yarmouth and London Royal Mail)

Painted and engraved by James Pollard

nineteenth century, though, so wide is the range of this class of print, it would be impossible to include everything of note in a collection of limited scope. A delightful series of eight plates was the "Grand Leicestershire Steeplechase" of March 12, 1829, engraved by C. Bentley after Henry Alken, in which the artist, with vivid draughtsmanship and a fine sense of continuous movement, showed a large field "At the Start" and "Going the Pace," and but few finishing at the "Winning Post at Billesdon, Coplow," in the interim many horsemen coming to grief at the jumps. It

Record," aquatinted by J. Harris. Some very engaging plates, representing "Fox-hunting," and "Coursing"—showing the vigorous art of Dean Wolstenholme, senior, engraved by R. Reeve, and others of fox-hunting designed and engraved by the younger Wolstenholme, no less characteristic—were included in the exhibition; while there was a "Coursing" set of four plates aquatinted by Tom Sutherland, with his usual subtlety and distinction, after the spirited designs of Samuel Alken, of which I have chosen one example showing the hare in flight, with the brace of greyhounds close



Painted and engraved by James Pollard

GUSTAVUS

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Car Travelling in the South of Ireland in the year 1836. Bianconi's Establishment.



THE ARRIVAL AT WATERFORD. COMMINS HOTEL.

TRAVELLING CAR IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND

Drawn by M. A. Hayes. Engraved by J. Harris



MAIL.

MAIL

Engraved by G. Hunt

English Sport in Old Coloured Prints



MAIL COACH

Painted by J. L. Agasse. Engraved by M. Dubourg

upon it, giving them, nevertheless, a tearing race for it, and the "field" following across country.

Samuel Howitt was a fluent etcher and aquatinter as well as painter of sporting subjects, and many of the prints associated with his name were both designed and engraved by him, or, in the absurd phraseology of the dealers, were "by and after" Howitt. We reproduce "The Death" from the set of six "Fox-hunting" plates (published in 1802), and "Pheasant Shooting," which looks to me that rare thing among old prints—an aquatint printed in colours, so pure and atmospheric is it, so naturally in relation are

the dogs and the landscape; but then, Howitt was, as we have seen, an artist-sportsman, and I question whether any other would have got such spontaneity in the action of the dogs. It is little wonder that Howitt's twenty plates of "British Field Sports" (published in 1807), with the true feeling of the open-air in them, have been creeping up in auction value from £560 in 1920 to £3,000 at the present time. I was much taken with R. B. Davis's "Shooting" set of six plates, engraved by R. G. Reeve and published in 1836, in which, however, there is more verisimilitude in the characteristic conduct of the various dogs, and the aspect of the landscape environment,

than in the men who are out for their sport. Possibly the colourist may be responsible for this. "Waterfowl Shooting" is a capital river scene, with the sportsmen in a punt against a bank of reeds and pollard willows, a dog swimming, others among the reeds, and on the opposite bank a very sinister-looking sportsman; but admirably cheerless is the riparian landscape beneath the sky of a grey January day.

There were many horse-racing prints at Colnaghi's, of which, perhaps, the most vividly interesting was "Epsom Races," drawn and engraved in 1818 by the versatile James Pollard. This is an actual view of the race: the horses really look as if they were racing, the watching crowd is so excited that the mounted keepers of the course are constrained to flick their long whips as the "field" gallops by; outside the course every imaginable vehicle seems to have collected, and every kind of incident is being enacted; while the hill, with its crowd of horsemen, carriages, and carts, is a scene of adventure more lively, I imagine, than is represented in Frith's "Derby Day." Pollard seems to have had a hand in many of the horse-racing prints we saw, but there was one, particularly rare—a portrait of "Gustavus," who won the Derby in 1821—which the painter aquatinted himself, and so made sure that the silky coat of this fine stepping mare was truly represented as his jockey in red and white rode him proudly into the paddock. Then this most fertile of painter-engravers, to whom we owe records of the mail coaches on every road, was, of course, prominent in the exhibition in this phase. There was, for instance, painted and engraved by himself, that rare print, "The Coach and Horses, Ilford," with the Yarmouth and London mail waiting outside the pretty little inn, in the doorway of which stands Mine Host, watching the operation of changing horses and preparing to start, while the horses just released find their own way to the stables. There were also "Stage Coach Setting Off," a scene on the Dover road, engraved by Richard Havell; "Quicksilver Royal Mail" passing Kew Bridge, and showing the Star and Garter—a pretty print, engraved by Charles Hunt,

some of whose own coaching pictures were also seen; and "Mail Coach by Moonlight," the Edinburgh and London Royal mail passing through a turnpike, and showing the turnpike keeper's night things peeping beneath his coat, engraved by G. Hunt. In Charles Hunt's "The Red Rover: Southampton Coach" of 1836, by the way, the ladies' fashions show conspicuously—huge bonnets of *pou-de-soie* or Leghorn straw, with sleeves of extravagant dimensions and large bell skirts. In "Mail Coach" (1824), engraved by M. Dubourg, J. L. Agasse showed the veracity of his draughtsmanship by foreshortening coach and horses as they come swiftly along down hill, while a postillion rides with a following horse in the opposite direction. These are admirably placed in the picture, while two peasants, tramping by the wayside, accept the coach as much a matter of every day as the expanse of country before them. There was also a print of G. Hunt's called "Mail" (1825), attractive with bucolic incident and country atmosphere. The mail is passing the little local post office, and the gorgeous guard throws a packet into the apron of the dainty young postmistress, a couple of yokels carrying scythes cross the road, and a milkmaid with a pail on her head drives some cows before her. Contrasted with the English coaching scenes was a lively set of six plates, "Car Travelling in the South of Ireland in the Year 1836—Bianconi's Establishment," drawn by M. A. Hayes and engraved by J. Harris; "The Arrival at Waterford: Commin's Hotel," the sixth plate, reproduced because it is so characteristic a scene, the driver pulling up his team of three, with their spirited, arrested action, the waiter in knee breeches, with Blarney written all over him, coming out to pick up considered trifles, and a lady with an ermine muff and a huge bonnet offering one, the passengers impatient of the apron, and the loungers about the hotel all with their hands in their pockets. There is a good deal of charm about these old sporting aquatints, but it is less æsthetic than incidental, historic, and—I do not know what, except that they are all very jolly, with "the wind on the heath, my brother."

ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528)

By J. B. MANSON

THE numbers 13 and 100 play a special part in human affairs. Their influence works in opposite directions. The latter number, the century, is almost a sacred one. It has a strange power affecting the destinies of many men. It has spoilt many a good game of cricket; it has been the goal of many tiresome nonagenarians.

Latterly it has been extremely active in the world of art. Its activities in this direction are, no doubt, beneficial. Many thousands of people learnt the name of Gainsborough for the first time as a result of the bicentenary exhibition at Ipswich; and now we have to recall to mind the name of Albrecht Dürer, because that remarkable man died on April 6, 1528.

There is a curious thing about the centenary habit. It celebrates the death of an artist, or his birth, with equal enthusiasm.

Dürer, like his contemporary Leonardo da Vinci who was born nineteen years before him, was spoilt as an artist by the manifold activities of his mind. He had too many interests and too many gifts. Occasionally they clashed to the detriment of his art. In short, he was too intellectual to be a consistently great artist. He painted ideas, fantastic, strange, symbolic; he tried to realize concepts in painting and engraving, and, naturally, failed.

Occasionally he produced a work of art of the very finest quality.

His two panels in Munich, representing St. John and St. Peter, and St. Paul and St. Mark, are unequalled for breadth of design and sublimity of conception. Otherwise his purest works of art are portraits.

One may admire and even marvel at the ingenuity and invention of the vast amount of work he produced; but how often is one moved to emotion?

If Dürer painted all the pictures which are given to him, he created a vast number of ingenious and tedious compositions which add nothing to his reputation as an artist, which are not works of art, which, indeed, in many cases, were founded on a mathematical basis.

They endure because museums exist to preserve them. They are objects of curiosity as inventions and specimens of intellectual activity, but they are not art; and though they

may interest those doleful people called art-historians, they are boring to artists and, I believe, to the wide-mouthed public. Dürer produced about fifty first-rate works of art in painting, most of which were portraits; a few panels of figure-subjects, and hardly one of his ponderous religious compositions containing many figures is anything but an example of extreme but commonplace efficiency; and in one picture, "The Feast of the Rose Garden" (1506), he sank nearly to the level of some of the worst and most popular academic painters of the present day.

Albrecht Dürer was fortunate in being gifted from birth with a very definite talent. That drawing of himself at the age of thirteen, which is in the Albertina at Vienna, is an astonishing work of art. Not only does it show a sense of style, but it reveals some feeling for the innate beauty and character of the thing drawn. But it was always so; when the artist was painting a simple head or figure before him, and for its own sake, he was a great artist. He could paint a fine portrait of a woman (they were never as fine as his men); but if she had to be a Madonna or some other character, he went to pieces and the result was a bore. He was drawing on his intellect and not on his feeling.

In considering Dürer's work one cannot help thinking of that line of Keats', "Though the dull brain perplexes and retards." How often in Dürer's work can one see it perplexing and retarding.

That drawing of his mother, in Berlin, done when he was forty-three, is a great drawing—great in style, great in perception, but it is cold; it is great in accuracy and sense of character, but it lacks the passion of a Degas. But Dürer was cold; he was also vain, and the success of his life added to his vanity. The portraits of himself reveal him notably in this direction.

When he was young—two years, in fact, after he had made that drawing of himself to which I have referred—they apprenticed him to Michel Wolgemut, a painter-engraver who had a large workshop in Nuremberg.

After four years of it he entered on his *Wanderjahre*. He made his way to Colmar, where he arrived in 1492, hoping, no doubt, to work under Schongauer, who, however, had

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died the year previously. He got some instruction in engraving and woodcuts from the "Little Master's" brothers. There is a woodcut of "St. Jerome" done in 1492 at Basel. Two years later, passing through Strassburg, he was home again.

That year, 1494, he married Agnes Frey, who brought him 200 florins, and in the

He returned home the following year and, for ten years, he settled down to the production of woodcuts, which reflect his increasing power of invention and possibly his spiritual development.

By the year 1498 he had completed sixteen designs for the Apocalypse series, a blend of German exaggeration and Italian (Mantegna)



KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL
Engraving

*By courtesy of the
Fine Art Society, Ltd.*

autumn he set out for Italy without his bride. His drawings about that time show the influence of Mantegna, Pollaiuolo, and di Credi. They include some landscapes drawn in the Tyrol and the Trentino, and also some nudes done in Venice. So the Italian influence came into his life for good or ill. Possibly a foreign graft may improve a native stock. It depends on circumstances.

classicism, with the absence of any personal feeling.

Then followed the seven woodcuts of the "Great Passion," with multitudinous detail in conflict with design, and a year or two later the design for the "Holy Family" series, and, later, seventeen for the "Life of the Blessed Virgin."

All these revealed an inexhaustible invention, a total lack of feeling for the beauty of his



1498
Der maler ist Hans Baldung Grien
der war zu Basel geboren im Jahr
1498
H. B.



Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)

material. He treated wood as though it were copper, and had no feeling for the beauty or essential quality or limitations of his material.

He continued with remorseless activity in producing small figure-subjects and nude mythologies which were then unfamiliar in German art, and all by the medium of copper engraving, in which he adopted Schongauer's methods. The "Virgin with the Monkey" (here illustrated), an engraving of 1506, shows the influence of di Credi. It is marred by excess of mannerism. One can hardly see the design for the curling of the drapery. But it shows an almost fatal fertility of invention. So he continued, always engraving; the Italian influence being renewed by conversation with his friend Jacopo di Barbari, whom he had met in Italy and who had come to settle in Nuremberg.

The earlier Nuremberg paintings suffer, possibly, from over-elaboration. The portrait of "Frederick the Wise" (Berlin), a painting in tempera on linen, is simple enough, and a fine (if rather Wagnerian) study of character. It was painted about 1495 or 1498, when the artist was in his twenties—a strong study, but showing a certain conflict of parts, without the significant emphasis of the master.

The Dresden altarpiece, with its confused uncertainty of design, belongs to the years 1503-5. The portrait of his father, painted in 1497, which is in our own National Gallery, is more satisfactory. He had painted a fine portrait of his father seven years earlier (now in the Uffizi).

The National Gallery portrait was presented by the citizens of Nuremberg to

Charles I of England, together with Dürer's own portrait, which is now in the Prado. When the King's collection was sold, the two portraits fetched £100. Three other versions, all markedly inferior, are known to exist. His own portrait at the age of twenty-seven (Prado) (here illustrated) shows him as a vain and rather effeminate person. It is a very clear and definite portrait which would be described today as "soppy."

Dürer paid a second visit to Italy when he went to Venice in 1505. There he painted his "Feast of the Rose Garden" for the German colony in Venice. It is now in the monastery of Strahow, near Prague.

In Venice he met dear old Giovanni Bellini, then aged about seventy-five, who gave him much sage advice (probably without lasting effect), and whom he described as "the best master."

To this Venetian period belongs "The Virgin with the Goldfinch" (Berlin), in which Venetian richness and joyousness are combined with the inevitable German love of detail. The "Young Man" (at Hampton Court), a fine study of character unmistakably in the Venetian manner, and the unconvincing "Crucifixion"

(at Dresden) were painted at this time.

Then he returned to Nuremberg in 1507 and remained there for thirteen years. His reputation had spread throughout Europe, and all united in honouring him, from the Emperor Maximilian downwards. His friends included all the famous humanists, statesmen, and reformers.

Then followed a period of extraordinary activity. It included such paintings as "Adam



THE VIRGIN WITH THE MONKEY By courtesy of The Engraving Fine Art Society, Ltd.

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and Eve" (1507), "The Virgin with the Iris" (1508), "The Adoration of the Trinity" (1511), which recalls Raphael, and many heads and some fine portraits.

The "Great Passion," a series of wood engravings in which his power of invention ran riot, was published in 1511. The "Life of the Virgin" and "The Little Passion" series, both somewhat simpler in design, appeared the same year.

Three of his finest engravings appeared soon after: the "Knight, Death, and the Devil," in 1513 (here illustrated), "St. Jerome in his Study," and, most remarkable of all, "Melancholia," in 1514. There is abundant thought, invention, and mystical significance in these works, but in each case they are subordinate to a grand general design.

The "Melancholia" is the most successful effort (perhaps the only successful) to express an abstraction in art. He has created the very atmosphere and feeling of melancholy, and not merely arranged a number of symbols which we are asked to accept as indicating melancholy.

In 1520 he set off again on his travels: this time he went to the Netherlands for the coronation of Charles V. He travelled up the Rhine to Cologne, and then on to Antwerp, where he met Erasmus. The diaries he kept and the sketches he made on this journey are preserved. He got as far as Ghent and Bruges, finally returning home in July of the following year.

Three of his finest portraits were painted during that year, 1521: "Hans Imhoff" (Prado) (here illustrated), "Bernhard van

Orley" (Dresden), and "Portrait of a Man" (Boston). All three are similar in design. It is not clear under what influence he attained to such simplicity and richness, but these three portraits, particularly the "Hans Imhoff," have not been surpassed even by the greatest Italian portrait painters.

It was a level of art which he could not sustain; and his intellectual curiosity becoming active, he wasted many days during his last years in the production of scientific treatises.

His closing years saw the production of great paintings: the portrait of "Hieronymus Holzschuler" (1526), and, greatest of all, the two panels, "St. John and St. Peter" and "St. Paul and St. Mark" (1526). Those engraved portraits on copper, which are so simple and yet such revelations of character, belong to these years: "Albrecht von Brandenburg" (1523), the picture of ecclesiastical pessimism and discontent; "Friedrich der Weise" (1524), whom he had painted nearly thirty years previously; his old friend "Wilibald Pirckheimer" (1524), who had such a poor opinion of Frau Dürer; "Melanchthon" and "Erasmus" (1526).

Dürer had caught a fever in the Low Countries, and as a result of it he died suddenly on April 6, 1528.

Dürer is an object-lesson to those individuals who still seek for the meaning of art. Among the arid mass of his intellectual inventions there stand out a few creations of the purest art, the product of those moments when, forgetting intellect, he surrendered himself to the impulse of pure emotion. It is by those works that he still lives.



COAT OF ARMS
WITH THE COCK

By courtesy of The
Fine Art Society, Ltd.

ANDRÉ DERAÏN: AN AUSTERE ROMANTIC

By R. H. WILENSKI

THE recent exhibition of paintings by André Derain at the Lefèvre Galleries was an important event for the serious student of contemporary painting. For Derain is one of the most typical figures of our epoch and also one of the hardest to understand.

Ten years younger than Matisse, he was born in 1880 at Chatou, near Paris, and he is thus now forty-eight. He comes of well-to-do parents, who destined him for a career as an engineer. When he determined to be a painter he had to waste much time and energy in combating their opposition. His earliest artist friend was Vlaminck, who lived at Rueil, near Chatou, and he began his art studies in a Parisian art school where Carrière was the visiting professor. His earliest pictures were influenced by Corot and the Impressionists; then came the influence of Van Gogh, and then the influence of Cézanne. At the age of twenty-five he began to exhibit at the Salon des Indépendants, and at twenty-eight he destroyed all his earlier pictures which had not been acquired by collectors.

It was from this period (1908) that his personal development as an artist really began, and the gesture of destruction was symbolic of the change. The explanation was that Derain had suddenly completely comprehended the art of Cézanne, and had determined to embark on the exacting task of carrying Cézanne's achievements a stage farther.

In the Indépendants' exhibitions Derain saw pictures by Matisse, Friesz, and the other *fauves*, and made the acquaintance of the painters. All the *fauves* were enthusiastic admirers of Cézanne; but it was Derain who probed most deeply into the secrets of his art.

Matisse, with his astonishing cleverness, with his instinctive control of scale, composition, and the full resources of the palette,



SELF-PORTRAIT

Derain

his sense of prettiness and his light calligraphic touch, was cut out from the outset for success if only he would have the courage to stick to his own line of least resistance and have the courage to defy inevitable opposition from outside; and that he had the courage and has triumphed we all know. Matisse never felt the need to explore Cézanne's art very deeply, or to ponder the possibilities of its development. Certain technical freedoms which Cézanne had won for painters Matisse put at once in his pocket. But the real jumping-off board from which he developed his own gifts was the art of the Far East; and from Matisse, I fancy, Derain

learned scarcely anything at all, though Matisse has not been uninfluenced by Derain.

Friesz from the beginning had brains and energy, single-mindedness, and a feeling for pictorial unity. He picked out the classical aspect of Cézanne's art—the aspect, that is, of Cézanne's pictures which unites them to Poussin and Claude Lorrain, and adapted that aspect, again together with some technical formula, to the service of his own vision and of his own experiments in classical design; and it was Friesz, I fancy, who helped Derain to discover the pictorial construction of Cézanne's art.

Vlaminck, with whom Derain was even more closely associated from an early stage, was also a follower of Cézanne, though, I understand, he worked through periods of apprenticeship to Corot and Van Gogh. But here we have a painter of talent who, judging by his pictures, has been always more ready, even than Matisse, to rely on his talent and to develop on the line of least resistance, and who is more single-minded even than Friesz. To the accident of his early meeting with Vlaminck, Derain owed his early initiation into the general orientation of modern art. But with



LONDON: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

By Derain

that admission, I fancy, the debt to Vlaminck is discharged.

Derain as an artist is quite different from all three. From the beginning he had talent and intelligence. He could paint, up to a point, in any manner. The "Houses of Parliament" in the Lefèvre exhibition showed that, had he wished, he could have developed with Van Gogh as a basis. But, fundamentally, his art rests, not on talent or intellect, but on temperament. The aspect of Cézanne's art which caught and held him was the aspect which links Cézanne to Rembrandt. It was essentially Cézanne's contact with the "pathetic" aspect of phenomena that struck a kindred note in Derain, because Derain is at heart a romantic artist of the deepest kind.

By 1914, when the war came, Derain had already embarked on his attempt to build on the romantic aspect of Cézanne's art. He had to abandon it and serve as a motor-driver in the French artillery. In 1918 he recommenced his work, and nearly all the pictures in the Lefèvre exhibition date from 1918 to the present day.

No one acquainted with the works of the modern movement could fail to be struck in this exhibition by the difference between Derain's pictures and those of his contemporaries, or could fail to understand why Derain's admirers are both less numerous than those of Matisse and Friesz and more passionate in their admiration. For Derain appeared in these pictures as an artist wrestling

with an earnest purpose—the desire to compass in new form Cézanne's astonishing reconciliation of the romantic and the architectural points of view. Matisse, Friesz, and Vlaminck have been content to select one aspect only of Cézanne's achievement. Derain's temperament has not permitted him to see thus far and no farther. His temperament has forced him to seek the synthesis achieved by Cézanne which combined the romantic art of Rembrandt with pictorial construction quite as architectural as Raphael's "The School of Athens."

Intelligent, educated modern artists labour under oppressive disadvantages. They are bound to be self-conscious in the sense that they are bound to adopt a conscious attitude to the pressing question, "What is art?" Derain, for example, has been forced, not only to attempt to reconcile his romantic temperament with the architectural concept of modern art, but also to pursue the conflict with full knowledge of its exacting nature; and his task is rendered, by the knowledge, yet more arduous and exhausting.

In the same way all educated artists now suffer from a wide knowledge of the past. In youth this knowledge can be pushed without trouble into a boxroom of the mind; for all artists who are young and intelligent, desire, first of all, to master the new thought of their



LES BOUCLES

By Derain

André Derain : An Austere Romantic



COUR PROVENÇAL

By Derain

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own period and to assist in the propagation of whatever new creed makes the heart beat faster at the time. But after forty-five every intelligent man realizes that a new generation is already there with a new attitude and new enthusiasms, and that such authority as he himself may have can only be used to give weight to ideas that were new a quarter of a century ago; insensibly with this realization

to a future that seems boundless, and prefers the present to the past. Middle age, which already sees before it the bounds of its own future, turns habitually to the truly boundless past.

In the Lefèvre exhibition we saw Derain wrestling with these conflicts, which single-minded artists can override, superficial artists ignore, and venal artists exploit by fake,



PORTRAIT DE FILLETTE EN BLEU

By Derain

comes a new sympathy with the past, and unless continual efforts are made to combat it the past soon captures his entire allegiance. For how full of achievement is this past which youth—unless it be stupid youth, or superficial or venal youth—thrusts impatiently aside. And how much more we know of this past—whether we want to or not—in these days of well-arranged museums, art journals, and admirable reproductions of the art of all places and all times. Youth plunges forward

compromise and theft, so that they may reap what others have laboriously sown. Derain is not single-minded; he has a complex psychology—he is both austere and emotional, both intellectual and romantic. He is not superficial, but a man—as a prolonged study of his pictures will prove—who is closely in touch with life; and he is not venal, or he would make his pictures obviously attractive, which, generally speaking, they are not.

André Derain : An Austere Romantic

Derain made his first attempts to reconcile the romantic and the architectural ideals (about the time when he destroyed his early pictures) when he carved a stone "Crouching Figure" which was Egyptian in its monumental character and compact formation, but as romantic in feeling as the work of Rodin. A series of Provençal landscapes painted in 1910 were almost entirely architectural in design. In the "Window Looking on a Park," painted in 1912, we had the beginning of that intense effort at reconciling the two standpoints in a picture which he achieved in the period between 1912 and his service in the war. To that period belong some landscapes painted near Martigues—a "Seated Woman," and the remarkable group called "Saturday." Derain worked on the last-named picture for three years, and it revealed the intensely "pathetic" quality of his reactions in a superlative degree. For though the disposition of the figures round the table and the disposition of the surrounding forms in this picture were architectural, the distortions were dictated, not by purely formal considerations, but by an unquenchable impulse towards romantic stress.



LE MODÈLE BLOND

By Derain



TÊTE DE FEMME

By Derain

It was Derain's development from this picture—after the war interval—that was seen in the Lefèvre exhibition which contained landscapes, still-life studies, heads and half-lengths. In the most impressive of the paintings the complexity of the artist's attitude weighed down upon the work. The moving "Harlequin," where a union between "pathetic" and architectural qualities was undoubtedly achieved, appeared at first glance a gloomy work, and the same character was observable elsewhere. But for this there is a technical explanation. The frequent heaviness of Derain's touch, the lack of sparkle, the leathery quality of the flesh tints, and the general absence of attractive colour are all part of a deliberate attempt to push the "pathetic" aspect of Cézanne's achievement a stage farther by eliminating Cézanne's charming colouring, his blues and greens and pleasing reds, which Cézanne derived from the Impressionists. Examined more profoundly, the most moving of Derain's heads and half-lengths in this show were seen to be the result of an intense effort to achieve intimate contact with the subject—contact of the kind achieved by Rembrandt and Cézanne. By



PORTRAIT DE JEUNE FEMME

By Derain

the elimination of all incidental attractions and a determination not to lose sight of the claims of architectural form, the artist was seen in these pictures to have infused a "pathetic" art with an architectural quality which more than compensated for the pictures' lack of obvious attraction. Derain, in fact, has created a new romantic art at once austere and passionate and marvellously restrained—a romantic art which is imposing because each work is formally most intensely considered, and not merely an enthusiastic sketch recording a transient splutter of emotion.

In some of the later pictures the effort required for such achievement appeared to have been relaxed. This, I suspect, is the result of that passage of years to which I have referred above. To reconcile a fundamentally romantic temperament with an architectural concept

of a picture, to retain a deeply felt emotion all through the construction of a painting, to give form to a "pathetic" contact without destroying it, and to paint, not merely sketches, but considered works of art—all this is an exhausting business, and from that effort Derain occasionally escapes into the past. The half-length, "La Fillette en Bleu," is an enchanting picture, but it is only a half-holiday with Renoir. The "Self-Portrait" in *gouache* is a half-holiday with Whistler. From such pictures the path to habitual half-holidays in the past, for an artist who is now approaching fifty, is fatally attractive. But Derain will resist it. The emotive power of his art derives from its complexity, from the artist's effort to make thought warm by feeling, and to govern feeling with the mind. Derain in travail is an artist for whom, in moments of intense appreciation, his admirers find a place in the Rembrandt-Cézanne-Daumier *galère*. He is not likely to abandon this position for the easy pleasure of wandering round the Louvre.



L'ARLEQUIN

By Derain



NOTES ON FLEMISH DOMESTIC GLASS PAINTING—I

By A. E. POPHAM

SO little, comparatively, of Flemish painting has survived that a reference to the so-called minor arts is almost essential to supplement our knowledge. Tapestry—if that magnificent and peculiarly Flemish manifestation can be styled minor, miniature, small only in its actual dimensions—and glass painting can all be usefully brought into contact with painting proper to add to our still very imperfect knowledge of that extraordinary artistic efflorescence which marked the fifteenth century in the Netherlands. The intrinsic interest of these separate arts is enhanced by their inter-connection with each other and with panel painting. In these pages I propose dealing with one only of these arts, that of glass painting, and only a subdivision of that vast and comparatively unexplored subject, that of domestic glass painting in reference mainly to the artists who furnished the designs.

Memling's well-known diptych of the Virgin and Child, with Martin Nieuwenhove, in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, shows portions of a typical upper-class interior of the

time (1485). On the dexter shutter (reproduced in *APOLLO*, vol. v, No. 25) there is a four-light mullioned window behind the Virgin and Child on the right. The lower lights are unglazed, but could be covered by wooden shutters. The small square upper lights are glazed by small roundels painted in grisaille, set in leaded lozenges. A slightly different arrangement is shown in the window on the left of the sinister shutter, where the upper half of the lower lights is also glazed; but a comparison with other pictures seems to show that the window first described was the standard type for that and earlier periods. Later, apparently, the lower lights were sometimes also completely glazed and decorated with roundels.

A cycle of these would be arranged horizontally either along the small upper lights in the windows of a room, or vertically one above the other in the long lower lights continuing the incidents in a story, or representing a series of saints, the nine worthies, or something of the kind. These small roundels, ranging in diameter from about 8 in. in the fifteenth century to about 12 in. in the sixteenth,



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Windsor Castle

FIG. 1. TOBIAS ATTENDED BY THE ANGEL DRAWING THE FISH OUT OF THE WATER



Brussels Cinquanteenaire Museum

FIG. II. A ROUNDEL OF TOBIAS DRAWING
THE FISH OUT OF THE WATER

the maximum size which the technique of glass manufacture at the time allowed, seem to have been the usual decoration of the windows of well-to-do houses of the fifteenth and earlier sixteenth centuries. To judge from the number of these fragile roundels which are preserved, their manufacture must have formed quite an important minor industry. But though this was a separate *genre*, the painters proper, as well as professional glass designers and painters, were not above providing designs for them. The exact relation between designer and glass painter—whether these were ever identical, and, if so, how often—is and will probably remain a matter of uncertainty. Probably the craftsman made use of any designs on which he could lay his hands, altering and adapting more or less according to his powers and inclinations, but the doubt as to whether any given peculiarities of style are those of the designer or the glass painter complicates enormously the question of attribution.

At what period precisely the fashion for decorating windows of living-rooms or domestic chapels with

these roundels began is difficult to determine. The idea would seem to be a development of the large leaded roundels common in the scheme of decoration of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century church windows, but no examples of the small roundels of the type I have described seem to belong to a period earlier than about 1400. The question is one which needs further study for its elucidation, and the Flemish roundels of apparently so early a date which I know of are so few and generally so non-committal in their style that it is difficult to speak with any confidence about them.

The earliest type which survives in any quantity either in drawings or glass is connected with the school of Hugo van der Goes. A certain number of drawings, some for glass, have already been grouped together as the work of a so-called "Master of the Virgin and



Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. III. ROUNDEL ILLUSTRATING THE MARRIAGE
OF TOBIAS

Notes on Flemish Domestic Glass Painting—I



Musée des Hospices Civils, Bruges

FIG. IV. A ROUNDDEL OF THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH

Child and St. Anne," on account of a supposed connection between their author and a curious picture of that subject in the Louvre.* As I do not think that this connection can be maintained, I should prefer to rechristen the artist with the perhaps equally clumsy appellation of the "Master of the Story of Tobit." He was, I think, primarily a designer for glass, if not an actual glass painter, and the story of Tobit and Tobias forms the subject of one of the series of roundels by him which enjoyed the greatest popularity.

The majority of drawings which can be connected with this artist show curious contradictions. Usually the main figures in the foreground are drawn with extreme care and precision and show considerable power and originality in their conception. The

background figures are feebly and carelessly drawn. The most probable explanation of this seems to be that the artist was copying or adapting. The main figures he would take over more or less faithfully from his original, while the subsidiary scenes would be either adaptations or inventions of his own. Who was, then, the original from which he copied? In the majority of cases, one must suppose Hugo van der Goes himself, whose influence is evident in the drawings. There is a close connection, for instance, between the drawing of the two kneeling ladies in the British Museum and similar figures in van der Goes's wall-painting (preserved only in copies) of the meeting of David and Abigail. Such drawings of single figures without backgrounds would appear to be copies made by the artist with a view to their utilization in roundels. An example of a design for a roundel made up from Hugo van der Goes is that in the collection of M. André de Hévesy in Paris,



Oxford Ashmolean

FIG. V. PHARAOH PROGRESSING IN TRIUMPH

* F. Winkler, *Kunstchronik*, N.F. (xxxiii) (1922), p. 611 ff.



Oxford Ashmolean

FIG. VI. JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE

where the principal figure is copied from the drawing at Christchurch of the meeting of Jacob and Rachel. This drawing does not appear to be by the same hand as those we are discussing, but it is interesting as a parallel to what I suppose to have been the methods of the Master of the Story of Tobit.

But to return to the cycle after which I have named the artist. Two drawings for this exist—the one at Windsor (Fig. I) of Tobias, attended by the angel, drawing the fish out of the water; the other at Dresden of the angel leaving Tobit and Tobias; and glass roundels of the cycle are at Amsterdam, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, in the collections of Mr. Sidney and Mr. Drake, and at South Kensington, all of later date as to execution, but varying in quality from the exquisite workmanship of the more or less independent artist who painted the roundel at Brussels (Fig. II, and of whom later)—corresponding fairly closely to the Windsor drawing—to the feeble and lifeless roundels at South Kensington of Tobias curing Tobit's blindness and the Marriage

of Tobias of about 1530. One of these I illustrate (Fig. III) as an example of the way in which old designs were repeated as much as fifty or sixty years later, and to show the difficulty of judging of the period and provenance of such a roundel without a clue. Its connection, indeed, with the series of Tobias of which we are speaking is not at first sight obvious; the Renaissance motifs in the architecture and the general technique are so obviously later, but the examination of details which the copyist has preserved are significant: the fall of the drapery, the cast of countenance, the coiffures are the same as in other drawings and roundels of the series. A rather unexpected use of the roundel first illustrated is to be found in a half-page miniature in the magnificent Breviary in the Musée Mayer van den Bergh at Antwerp, of the so-called Ghent-Bruges school of illumination, but this is no isolated instance of the connection between miniature painting and the works of the Master of the Story of Tobias.

Another series of the artist which raises rather complicated problems is



Lowore

FIG. VII. THE DEATH OF NARCISSUS

Notes on Flemish Domestic Glass Painting—I

that of the History of Joseph. This also appears to have enjoyed a tremendous vogue, and to have remained the classic type of the story for many years. Certainly the most beautiful glass roundel of the series, and one which must be regarded as contemporary with the artist, is that in the Musée des Hospices Civils at Bruges (Fig. IV). It represents the Triumph of Joseph, and shows a precision and delicacy of execution which proclaim it the work of a master. What is the significance of the letters J.S. on the pennant? Are they the initials of the designer, of the painter, or are they meant as an abbreviation of Joseph? The last seems the most likely interpretation. A drawing at Oxford (Fig. V) may, I think, represent Pharaoh progressing in triumph, for in no other drawing is Joseph represented with a beard. The fact that elements from this drawing and another drawing also at Oxford, certainly representing Joseph and Potiphar's wife (Fig. VI), are used in a feeble later roundel at Berlin, imply some connection between the two drawings and probably that they belong to the same cycle. But the drawing which I presume to represent the Triumph of Pharaoh is further, except for the substitution of a man for a woman in the chariot and the figures on the right, a literal copy from the famous Breslau Froissart, the miniatures in which are in part, including the one in question, the work of Philippe de Mazerolles (d. 1479). This book was executed for Antoine, Grand Bastard of Burgundy, about 1470, and the fact that the glass painter had access to the MS. would seem to imply that he was acquainted with Mazerolles or worked near him at Bruges. Access to the book after its entry into the library of a grand seigneur would obviously not be accorded to any journeyman. We may therefore date the drawing round about 1470, and presume it to have been done at Bruges.

Other drawings belonging to the series are in the Musée Bonnat at Bayonne, of Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's dream, and at Berlin of Joseph taken out of the well and sold to the Ishmaelites (No. 774, for there is another version in the same collection). The Berlin

drawing corresponds almost exactly with one of the large round pictures of the Story of Joseph in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, and has usually been regarded as a copy of this. But the costumes in the drawing, and in the other drawings of the series with which it is indubitably connected by similarities in detail, are quite obviously of an earlier fashion than those in the pictures. Joseph's coat in the Bayonne and Oxford drawings, for instance, is of the fashion of the court of Charles the Bold, of about 1475. The fashions in the pictures are those of about 1490-1500, and the time of Philip the Fair. Further, the circular shape is most unusual in pictures though, of course, the rule in glass. The conclusion follows that the Master of the Legend of Joseph, as the painter of the pictures is called from them, copied this subject from the glass roundel, and we may assume that the other five pictures of the series are also copied from the same source, though, unfortunately, no further drawings corresponding to the remaining paintings exist, as far as I know. As I suggested above, the designs of the glass roundels are themselves made up of elements probably in part drawn from Hugo van der Goes.

The legends of Tobit and Joseph do not complete the works of this interesting artist. There are the two glass roundels at Amsterdam of the Story of Isaac and Abraham, another fragmentary one of uncertain subject belonging to Mr. W. Drake, a drawing in the British Museum of Jason and the Golden Fleece, and another amusing one in the Louvre of the Death of Narcissus (Fig. VII), where Narcissus and the mourning nymphs are dressed in the height of Burgundian fashion.

I have no space here to deal with other more or less problematical drawings of the artist and various questions which arise in connection with them. I have illustrated enough of his work to show that he was—though certainly to some, and probably to a large extent a copyist—an artist of some merit. The manner in which he regrouped and adapted shows him possessed of a certain talent, and certainly the results of his plagiarisms are often full of charm.

SOME UNKNOWN WORKS BY ZURBARÁN

By AUGUST L. MAYER

THE representation of St. Veronica's sudarium, so beloved in medieval painting, found some notable exponents in Spain in the sixteenth century. The various treatments of the theme

to reproduce here two original versions which have so far been unknown to all Zurbarán's biographers. Both betray not only the seriousness and dignity of religious conception which we are accustomed to find with this



CARTHUSIAN FRIAR

Cadiz

By Francisco de Zurbarán

with which El Greco obviously hit off the taste of his Spanish contemporaries are famous. Less well known, on the other hand, are the renderings by one of the greatest Spanish religious painters of the seventeenth century, Francisco de Zurbarán. We are able

painter, but, above all, they show once more his love of handling large masses of drapery: the sudarium is always represented as very large; in the picture in an English collection it is severe in its lines; the other picture, belonging to the parish church of S. Miguel



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Some Unknown Works by Zurbarán



THE LEGEND OF ST. VERONICA *Jerez de la Frontera*
By Francisco de Zurbarán

at Jerez de la Frontera, shows it elaborately draped as if the loving hand of a nun had carefully arranged the folds of the cloth by means of pins. Both these schemes of representation can be traced back to Greco, but in his work the cloth, however large it may be, never produces quite such a gigantic effect.

The sudarium of St. Veronica in the Church of S. Francesco at Arcos de la Frontera (Photo Mas No. 46643) is related to Zurbarán's late style.

In Cadiz and in Jerez de la Frontera there are several other characteristic works by Zurbarán which have, so far, remained unnoticed in the literature of art; for instance, "The Crucifixion" in the Picardo collection, Cadiz (Photo Mas 46775), and the portrait of the Carthusian monk, Francisco Roldán, in the same collection (Photo Mas 46777).

Unfortunately, this portrait has suffered a little. The hands folded in prayer and seen in foreshortening are very typical. They occur again very similarly in the "Inmaculádo Concepción," with two young, adoring collegians, in the collection of the Vizconde de Almocaden Domecq in Jerez (Photo Mas 48125-48127). As a characteristic early work of the painter's we should like to mention the picture of the little Virgin Mary, who has fallen asleep over her book, with a pretty still-life group in the background, a painting that is so very expressive of Spanish mysticism. It is preserved in the collegiate church of Jerez (Photo Mas 48116). Finally, we must allude to the signed "Madonna with the Infant Christ and the little St. John" belonging to the heirs of the Marqués de Camarines (Photo Moreno)—an unmistakable late work, soft and rather sweet in handling, strongly reminiscent of the "Madonna with the Sleeping Child" (dated 1659), in the collection of the Marqués de Unza del Valle in Madrid.



NIÑO ASLEEP *Jerez de la Frontera*
By Francisco de Zurbarán

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

THE little "triumph" of Pissaro, which the Galerie Durand-Ruel has just organized, is simply an act of justice. The course of artistic life is such, and its caprices are so great, that Pissaro, who in his day was a central figure, gradually assumed, in order to rise above his time, the confused appearance of a forgotten master.

However, the hour of return for the Impressionists sounded already yesterday.

Scarcely had the Impressionists triumphed over the resistance of a public which treated them as barbarians, than there appeared, with the twentieth century, an ardent group eager to disown them. The reason is that those who were to be called "Fauves" in order to be maltreated in their turn, though all perfectly able to recognize the high qualities of the school of 1874, and greatly tempted to salute in these masters their liberators, found themselves forced into the necessity of treating them almost as harshly as they treated the academic painters.

It was because they believed, not without good reasons, that Impressionism, which had delivered painting from juices, bitumens, sinking, tricks, and superstitions, had not considered the future. These masters of the "moment" had not left their successors any possibility of carrying on their work, save that of beginning it over again.

Now that the revolutionaries of 1900-20—having first, by a very intelligent arbitration, separated Cézanne and Renoir from the Impressionist group—have proved their readiness to establish a new classicism; now that the time of necessarily unjust polemics is passed, nothing can prevent them any longer from doing full justice to those whom they never attacked without a "bad conscience."

These unromantic ex-revolutionaries came, as conquerors, to greet the masters of yesterday, who can be compared to the political "graybeards" of 1848.

Will it not be maintained that Claude Monet knew the sweetness of glory up to his last day? Nothing is more true. It is because the painter of the "Nymphéas" and the "Ponts de Londres" had the good sense to live to a very advanced age. Even those who were farthest away from his work submitted with a good grace to the necessity which the nations acknowledge in an almost occult manner—the necessity of adopting what Emerson called "representative men."

Consequently, it is right and wise to place with precision the great painter Pissaro.

The exhibition at the Galerie Durand-Ruel has the considerable advantage of making us conscious of the various stages in an harmonious career. It is very interesting, after the recent "triumphs" of Courbet, to see Camille Pissaro who, long after his debuts, at the age of thirty-eight, painted that remarkable "Entrée de Forêt" (1868), so evidently influenced by the master of "La Remise de Chevreuils."

Was it not the English landscape which, in 1871, presented the eldest of the Impressionists the opportunity of discovering himself? And after the landscape, Turner?

Driven from the environments of Pontoise by the invasion, Pissaro had gone to seek refuge with his friend,

the painter Ludovic Piette, in Mayenne. But he was unsettled and missed the good old evenings at the little artists' café on the Batignolles. Manet was an officer on the general staff of the Garde Nationale under the orders of *père* Meissonnier dressed as a colonel! Cézanne had fled to Aix, and Frederic Bazille, the youngest of the group, not a single one of whose canvases was to be exhibited before the retrospective exhibition of 1912, died at the Battle of Beaune-la-Rolande, at "the advanced posts" as they used to say during that war without a "front."

Greatly distressed, Pissaro wanted to escape the martial malediction. He crossed the Channel. In London he was to meet Claude Monet.

How many things must have been born of their talk over a pot of ale on certain foggy mornings!

Pissaro and Monet did not content themselves with indoctrinating each other and indoctrinating the near future. Side by side they painted landscapes at Norwood and Sydenham. They even tried to exhibit them at the Royal Academy, which rejected their "unseemly work"; official Paris having already set the example.

To console themselves the two friends went to see Turner in his place of honour. M. Paul Signac has written on this subject: "They are first of all struck by his effects of snow and ice. They ascertain that this marvellous result is obtained, not by means of an all-over white, but by innumerable touches of various colours placed side by side and producing at a distance the desired effect."

At Durand-Ruel's there are reminiscences of this moment. Moreover, Pissaro was never afraid of studying others. He realized that *tour de force* of borrowing at times without ever being dominated, which is nothing but a phenomenon of unconsciousness. For Pissaro always reasoned.

Did he not admit, in his maturity, his great curiosity about the researches of the young Seurat? Did he not adopt the *pointillisme* of the master of "Parade" and of the "Grande Jatte"? But it was only for a moment, and the admirable thing is that the "manner" proper to *père* Pissaro was only, as it were, accentuated thereby.

In 1906 the great Impressionist, having realized his work, passed away at the age of seventy-three, a venerated patriarch. He has left sons, three of whom are painters of great merit in various ways: Georges, called Manzana, in whom one may see the introduction of a certain Orientalism exploited in decoration; Paulémile Pissaro, a sensitive landscape painter; and Rodolphe, called Ludovic Rodo, who has often exhibited, even in London—together with his friend Maurice Asselin—views of the Thames in water-colours, touchingly observed.

Commentators have often written that the State has never bought anything of Camille Pissaro. If important works by the master have, nevertheless, enriched our national collections, France owes this exclusively to the gifts and bequests of collectors as generous as they are discerning.

In 1928 the Republic, though still constrained to

Letter from Paris

support the Institut, has become more liberal. The indépendants have less reason to accuse the Government of Boeotian stupidity. But that does not mean that the Republic is always perfectly Athenian.

We are so fortunate as to possess several late and present Ministers who are excellent men of letters. But the number of those who are moved by the plastic arts is smaller. Fate wills it that these rare amateurs should never be appointed to the government of the fine arts; one of the most audacious collectors of the present time, M. H. Simon, was only Minister of the Colonies. Was it his love of negro art that destined him for that department? The Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts, M. Edouard Herriot, has quite recently made the acquaintance of Pablo Picasso in the Galerie Paul Rosenberg, to which the Malagase often comes down in his slippers, as a neighbour. The Minister offered some Russian cigarettes to the painter, who replied: "I thought that your Excellency only smoked a pipe . . . like myself?" "You are right," answered the grand master of the University. After which, amid clouds of smoke, M. Edouard Herriot allowed himself to be initiated into the mysteries of volumes in space. Obviously, modern art can expect a great deal from such conversations. Meanwhile, it is M. Anatole de Monzie who has manifested himself as a clear-sighted art critic.

Of course, so long as he is not actually a Minister, M. Anatole de Monzie cannot write the preface to an exhibition catalogue. But there is an art in getting round these things. M. Anatole de Monzie has amplified the elegant preface by M. André Warnod to the exhibition of Clotilde Cros at the Henry Gallery with an open letter well calculated to remind us that M. Herriot's predecessor at the rue de Grenelle is also the Mayor of Cahors.

Is it an impetus of regionalism that is announced by this "open letter"? Here is the essence of it, very characteristic of the anxiety of painters in search of the most suitable landscape to illustrate their doctrine, if, following Cézanne, they realize the danger of doing Cézanne over again by establishing themselves in front of the celebrated tree of the Jas de Bouffan, the subject that

enabled the great *bonhomme* d'Aix-en-Provence to "do Poussin over again from Nature":

"You, too, have seen, from the bottom of the valley where the Vers marks the freshness of its course, the *causee* rise up like a fortress to guard the horizon. You have felt and translated that worn beauty of Nature, which in the times of heroic faith inspired our Southern Gothic architecture. Not long ago Henri Martin was the only admirer of our reddish stones; he alone told of the glory of our roofs and our fields enriched by light; he was the

solitary sovereign of a pictorial domain to which no one's loving curiosity found its way. And now behold the fame of Quercy has suddenly spread. André Lhote and Bissière have lingered in a corner of our country; Foujita, who got the first notion of the West in Switzerland, received a revelation of Southern France in crossing the Lot; Simon Lévy is staying at Cahors, Mondzain at la Truite Dorée at the confluence of the Vers and the Lot; Henri Duhem has almost forgotten his beloved fogs of Douai in order to follow the blonde and sweet lines of the hills around Saint-Céré. It is an enthusiasm that is spreading, that is to say, almost a school. . . ."

All this is very prettily said. It is substantial and often unpublished: for example, the allusion to the European debut of the Japanese

Foujita, who was prepared for Western aesthetics by the eurhythmics of the Dalcroze school, and whom we saw in Paris awakened to plasticity by the dancing learned from the obstinate Raymond Duncan.

Finally, the "open letter" of M. Anatole de Monzie, an enlightened amateur and an eminent politician, contains a lesson for the Ministers and the painters pampered by the Ministries in spite of the Ministers.

Henri Martin! What does he represent if not revolutionary Impressionism compromised before its accomplishment in the bureaucratic adventures of official decoration? A little Seurat, who in his ignorance of fresco painting has become the wall-liner of town halls, prefectures, and savings banks, thus persuading the most conservative mayors, prefects, and cashiers (in matters of art) of their aptitude for mad audacity.



PETIT BALLET

By Halicka

Apollon: A Journal of the Arts

Yet the old Henri Martin, a "luminist" as they used to say at that time, began well. In order to protect and realize himself fully he no doubt lacked nothing but that somewhat *Communard* faith inherited from Gustave Courbet, which was the pride of the great Impressionists; of Pissarro, for example, who was refractory in politics as well as in art.

Yes, it is dangerous to make an official career. The absolute refractory runs no other risks than that of dying of starvation. It was thus with the poor and great Rodolphe Bresdin, that reasoning, hallucinated creature, whom the Société des Peintres Graveurs Indépendants has just honoured with a fine retrospective exhibition. The president of the Société, Laboureur, a native of Nantes, who is so near to the English engravers, and Herbert Lespinasse, the dreamer of the "Horizons artificiels," have done well to revive the glory of one whom his friends, the realist writers of the first generation, nicknamed "Chien-Caillou."

Rodolphe Bresdin — 1822-85 — was a singular man. At the age of seventeen, at Toulouse, he printed microscopic engravings produced with a polishing brush and blacking! After some success in Paris he disappeared, to reappear one evening at a café frequented by artists, back from America and flanked by a wife, six brats, and a nigger! He became roadman, that is to say, sweeper, at the Arc de Triomphe. . . . O M. Anatole Monzie! how varied are the effects of protection by Ministers favourably inclined towards the fine arts!

One can readily characterize Bresdin's manner by underlining the fantastic element in his work. Let us beware that it should never be a fantastic mysticism or ideology in the style of William Blake, for example. The fantasticism of Bresdin is attained, as it were, through the breathless recreation of Nature, by an observer who penetrates to the very spirit of things and who holds that "the true artist must not even look at Nature." In the end this amounts to placing the work in the studio above all else; and with this conviction Bresdin, who is both a realist and a romanticist in spite of himself, approaches the best of the classical artists.

He has been compared in turn to Bosch, Breughel, and Callot. His masterpieces—"Le Bon Samaritain," "Saintes Familles," the "Paons," "La Comédie de la Mort"—are literally the work of a fanatic for engraving. He exhausted all the resources of his art, mixing them together sometimes, and not without arbitrariness. That alone would be enough to justify the enthusiasm of the

young, independent painter-gravers. They are, indeed, rather inclined not to stick to a single manner, "struck by the cuisines"—according to the expression of the etchers of the last generation.

I say this without malice. Above all, I do not wish to imply that the modern engravers, who have generally only had the education of a painter, have arrived there empirically by groping and fumbling. If I were to do so, the most brilliant refutation would be inflicted on me by Laboureur, Lespinasse, Derain—who wields the burin or cuts the wood with the science of the old masters, being both erudite and inspired; by Marie Laurencin—whose drypoints are a lyric commentary on the personal colour of her pictures; by Louis Marcoussis—who has just illustrated the new poem by Tristan Tzara, "Indicateur des Chemins de Cœur," with etchings, the science of which equals the sentiment.

Young French poetry owes a great deal to Tristan Tzara. Ten years ago he was the inspirer of the Dada movement; now, repudiated by the surrealists, he contents himself with the destiny of the best, namely, to be a poet without disciples who do nothing but arrange the doctrines of the school into a choir.

If I can only speak of Tzara's poetry here in order to characterize the etchings of Marcoussis, let me at least say that they constitute a remarkable phenomenon of active contemplation, of dreams equalling action; in short, the

end of that divorce that was so unbearable to Baudelaire. I should also insist on that suddenness of images which are, nevertheless, as tender as embraces: "C'est le corps décousu d'une panoplie de la terre qui s'égrène au collier de nos rêves d'oubli;" and "Cassée est la chaîne des paroles couvertes d'hivers et de drames qui reliaient les intimes éclaircies de nos existences et le vent nous crache à la figure l'infatigable brutalité de tout cela."

A novice amateur struck with nomenclature would be at pains to say whether these etchings of Marcoussis were derived from cubism or from futurism. For he, too (the engraver), has broken with his love. Formerly one of the most authoritative representatives of plastic cubism, he contradicted sufficiently strongly the fundamentally purely sentimental ambition of futurism, concerned only with external forces. But Marcoussis, besides being better versed in poetry than any other, has never ceased to be a very keen observer as scrupulous as the realists. He retains nothing but the essence of reality—that is all.

I wish it were possible to read a eulogy of his work by one of the master engravers who were the declared enemies



BUCOLIQUE

By Maurice Savin

Letter from Paris

of our modern intentions; one of the great etchers of yesterday—a Chauvel, a Waltner, a Le Rat, or my father, Emile Frédéric Salmon. What a joy it would be to hear them, while forcing down their anger, praise the fullness of the line, the spirit of the “biting,” the intelligent employment of black organized into a real prism, and all those secret resources of the craft which the good and true engraver translates for want of words by the moving balance of an artisan hand!

We cannot but admire the way in which the attention of the excellent worker should thus follow the drawings so full of grace.

Grace? Alice Halicka has never feared it.

Though a woman, she has not been frightened of her femininity and has not played any tricks with it. So many others refuse to regard anything that does not assert their “virile qualities” as praise. Halicka has exhibited groups of “Dancers” at *L'Art Contemporain*, which was one of the truest successes of the year.

I said several groups; and therein lay the originality of this exhibition. Halicka has taken the trouble to capture in the dance no longer those demonstrative attitudes with

which Dunoyer de Segonzac himself was so often satisfied in his devotion to Isadora Duncan—but very moving plastic organizations. This is precisely what was foreshadowed by the “Baigneuses,” which Halicka exhibited in 1926 after her studies of golf at St. Tropez.

Twice Halicka had exhibited a sort of artistic toy, “Romances capitonnées”; it was a change from fashion. People said: “She plays, having nothing better to do!” Halicka amused herself, but prudently. She is one of those artists who has the difficult courage of waiting. Her “Dancers” had not finished their school.

André Derain has applauded the great success gained at the Salon des Indépendants by a young painter nourished by his example, Maurice Savin, of whom I have often spoken to you. True, Savin, too impatient to wait for the large composition, which is once again beginning to torment so many of his contemporaries, has not seized at the first shot that which the glorious Derain still preserves. Still, he should be praised for daring as he has done. He and his generation would be but weak followers if they did not attempt to break through the limits of the atelier where they were trained.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THERE is great activity here. On Sunday innumerable new exhibitions were opened. I will only visit the most important. But just another matter. We have got a fine new piece of architecture by Oscar Kaufmann. He has built the new hall on the Kroll site, now the largest in Berlin, holding over 5,000 people. It is an ideal place for balls: an immense ellipse, lighted by lustres in the shape of larger and smaller ships. Columns of brownish marble rise up all around, the parapet and podium of yellow marble produce a fine accord with the red background. Delightful side halls in varied and unique taste, which could be used for rehearsals, lead up to the theatre. None of the older halls give such a sense of space. And economically it will pay the State, for it will indirectly subsidize the opera.

Now for the exhibitions. At the Academy there is a collection of Austrian graphic art from 1700 to the present day—a fine brotherly enterprise. It is, indeed, a case of going shoulder to shoulder. There is a vast number of drawings and watercolours which show a great wealth of content but a certain lack of European independence. The baroque style of engraving, which played an important part in the Austrian festival as sketches for processions and performances, came over from Italy and reached its climax in the Swabian artist, Maulpertsch. The most productive late-baroque master is the famous Kremser-Schmidt. With Friedrich Heinrich Füger, who is also a Swabian, classicism begins to relieve the fantastic baroque. In Moritz von Schwind the South German folklore tone, akin to Schubert, makes its appearance. Wandmüller reveals the first great pictorial instincts. Delightful watercolour portraits give expression to the Biedermeier style. In Rudolf von Alt we find a sober objectivity not to be compared with the North German Menzel, who produced such varied fruits from this soil. In Makart the old

baroque tradition rises up again in its insipid hollowness; in Klimt it finds the transition to the modern decorative plane; and in a few of the newer artists the amiable pictorial charm of the line lives on in a pleasing but never an enthralling form. Altogether, it is an instructive survey of the activity of a group of artists who, in their way, have always succeeded better in chattering than in creating new forms.

The great Manet exhibition at Matthiesen's is a compliment to our French neighbours. It was ceremoniously opened with a speech by Waldmann, followed afterwards by a banquet in the Esplanade, to which the whole of Berlin was invited, and among other speeches there was one by the French Ambassador, who thanked the city for its artistic friendship in the politest terms. The directors of the French museums, which had lent a series of important works, were also there. The works have been brought together from all countries, not the least part coming from Germany, which possesses almost a quarter of all Manet's paintings. There were nearly ninety pieces—surely more than have ever been seen together before. Of course, they are not all the well-known masterpieces; there are many minor works—preparatory sketches for the great pictures—but some of these have not been seen often, and, above all, the collection extends over the whole period of his activity. To think of the abuse to which he was subject in the beginning! Today we marvel, as in the case of no other artist, both at the strength of tradition that is in him, and at the revolutionary force with which he is continually renewing his art on new objects and in the direction of the impressionist technique. I should like to mention some of the lesser-known works: the sketch for a bull-fight from a private collection in Berlin, the picture of the Universal Exhibition of '67 from the Oslo Museum, the shimmering port of Bordeaux, or the magnificent fishermen, or the

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characteristic picture of a court of justice—all from private collectors in Berlin; the fragrant flowers in a vase from England, the staggering portrait of Chabrier from Copenhagen, the drawing of Monet with two women from Breslau, the shimmering Bellevue garden from Paris, which prepares the way for Monet.

How different is this art—born entirely of a temperament, trembling with emotion, sure of hand, and producing new fruitfulness from every material—from the decorative materiality such as Fernand Léger shows, who is offering a large collection of his latest works at Flechtheim's. He came over here himself for the event in order to explain his theory in a lecture. He distinguishes the subject, which he regards as having been superseded, and the

not greatly impress us after all the important works by the recently deceased impressionist that we have seen in our lives. Works have been lent by private collectors and museums. The Luxembourg has sent the "Regatta" and its "Cathédrale de Rouen." The Frankfurt Museum has treated us to its famous "Déjeuner" of the early dark period—a splendid large interior, with an uncanny realism in the tablecloth, the crockery, and the attitude of the figures. There are several remarkable works belonging to this early period, two forcible portraits of the Sisley family, and the luscious, dark-coloured portrait of Mme. Gaudibert. Then follow the winter landscapes, gardens, banks of the Seine, down to the last dreams in London and Venice. But it appears to me that there is a power in the early



THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1867

By Manet

object, which for him presents the only problem in painting, and which, whether it be animate or inanimate, he reduces to a plane in a purely formal mathematical manner, and in recent times with even more distance and plasticity. It is the work of the brain and lacks the human note. It is an art that may bear fruit if applied, as, for example, to the ballet, but by itself it freezes from its abstraction. That we may say with certainty already.

During February painting and music have been in a curious competition. Every week a new Exhibition of Old Masters was opened, and every week an old opera was revived. The exhibitions of old works are well frequented, and the old operas have many friends. In the Bellevue-strasse they have just put up a large poster in front of No. 14 with "Manet Exhibition." Immediately another poster appears in front of No. 13 with "Monet Exhibition." It is the Thannhauser Salon which, at the same time, announces a Menzel Exhibition to follow the present one, so as not to be considered too French. The collection of Monets is good, and has beautiful things in it, but it does

pictures that promises even more than the certainly admirable, yet limited impressionism of the so-called ripe period. Crowds come here, while not a soul is to be found in the exhibition of watercolours at Nierendorf's. That is a pity, as it is a very interesting and well-chosen collection of all kinds of modern watercolours, and we know how fond our painters are of expressing themselves in this grateful, though not very exacting technique. We may see there the abstract fantasies of Baumeister, Kaudinsky, and other Bauhaus people, the satirical *aperçus* of Georg Grosz, the strong forms of Hofer, some charming observations by Heckel—amongst others a splendid lady writing, the newly-grasped landscapes of Führ of Mannheim, Kokoschka's colourful sketches, Mueller's nudes—which have grown so much in breadth, colour-dreams by Nolde, Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff—it is a splendid collection of temperaments, which unfold themselves unhampered in this easy-flowing material.

In music we are passing through a period of transition in anticipation of the great event, Stravinsky's "Œdipus

Letter from Berlin

Rex," which is to appear on the 25th of this month. Meanwhile we have to content ourselves with Handel, whose "Ezio" was produced at the Municipal Opera by Niedecken Gebhard, who carried his method of purest bodily stylization to the limits of the grotesque. The opera itself is less dramatic than the others, is wearisome to a degree in the eternal alternation of airs and recitative, and should at least have had better singers than were available here. It was a sort of combination of a gym. lesson and a singing lesson. I fear the Handel revival is nearing its end. On the other hand, we had a pleasant revival of Gounod's comic opera, "Le Médecin malgré lui" in the State Opera. It took place in the branch under Klemperer, which cannot get into full stride yet so long as it has not got full possession of Kroll. Klemperer himself has presented since then only his "Don Giovanni," which suffered from the lack of voices, but was staged in a very interesting manner by Dülberg—similar to Roller's production in Vienna—with two solid front towers and changeable backcloths, so light and mobile in their neo-baroque rhythm that it was at last possible to play the first finale to the end. In the case of the Gounod opera, which was very finely conducted by Zweig, both the outward picture and the standard of singing were very praiseworthy. Hammer, who took the title part, accompanied by a group of jolly actors; the improvised decorations in small scenes; the pretty *danses intermezzi* as in Molière—all contributed to the pleasure with which this graceful piece was received. And modern music? Things do not go easily. Scherchen is taking great pains to produce new works in various concerts; the best was "Hauer's 7th Suite," which had already been heard in Frankfurt, and which reveals the Viennese apostle of atonality suddenly following quite real and rhythmic paths, and with an imagination in the slow movement with its dreamy harmonies, illuminated with distant percussion instruments, that conquers new ground. Bruno Walter has produced in one of his concerts the symphony of the twenty-two-year-old Russian Szostakowitz, who has suddenly become famous. It was a disappointment. He is gifted but unformed. Another remarkable event is that the wife of Alfred Kerr has become a composer, and has produced a little opera in the first place on the wireless, which reveals an undoubted talent and sense of tone, lyric feeling, and popular humour. It is based on Möricke's fairy tale, "Die schöne Lau," and reaches its climax in a scene where the singing and turbulent peasants are pacified by the sound of a magic humming-top. Meyzowitz

conducted the piece. There were several good singers, and the authoress had a great success with the critics; let us hope also with the listeners-in, with her flowing and well sounding, if not very new music.

Of the old operas which have been revived Hugo Wolf's "Corregidor," given at the Municipal Opera, aroused especial interest. Bruno Walter conducted it himself; he has long had a partiality for the piece, and he always finds an audience of intellectual music-lovers who follow him in his reverence for this attractive, but undramatic work. I believe that the book of Spanish songs, from which two airs have found their way into it, expresses Wolf's musical attitude towards Spanish passionate love better than his

drama taken from an old play of disguise. Heard under Walter, one cannot but be delighted with the agreeable melodies of a sweetly romantic devotion, but even so it would be difficult to keep the interest of the stage alive, if Walter did not use every means to support the delicate structure of the opera. He has adopted a new arrangement, making three instead of four acts. The most powerful scene musically, the one where the miller dresses up as the Corregidor, has been placed at the end of an act, and the dynamic of the drama has thereby been more effectively apportioned. The arrangement can be recommended to all future producers. But he has also gained a designer and producer who have helped him greatly in strengthening the stage picture. Karl Heinz Martin has brought a positively dramatic life into the plot, has made the drunken scene



WRITING WOMAN

By Erich Heckel

at the Alkado one of swelling rhythm, and has placed the concluding scene with the reconciliation in quite a new dramatic form before us. Ernst Stern supports him in this with scenic building in which the Spanish movement seems to take on pictorial form—a luxuriant vine-covered pergola by the mill, an infernal interior of the mill with a colossal wheel, a ghostly horizon beyond the field, exuberant colours in the Alkado meal, and, finally, an architectural scene with high-arched bridges and balconies with a gigantic, shimmering church in the background; it is enough to intoxicate the senses. The piece has, perhaps, never been given with so much vitality and animation. Besides, we got to know a splendid new singer. Mme. Raydl, as Frasquita, was firm in her dancing, ironic in mime, and has a light, clever voice.

Another old opera produced by the State Theatre in the Schauspielhaus is an almost entirely unknown piece by Gluck, a comic opera with the not very appropriate title of "The Pilgrim of Mecca." Formerly it was called the "Unexpected Meeting," because, like Mozart's

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"Entführung," it represents a pair of lovers, the bride being carried off by a Sultan, the lover searching for her with a cunning servant, then flight, discovery, and reconciliation. But the "Entführung," the wonderful qualities of which were in our minds the whole evening, was written as a German opera, whereas Gluck's work was composed around a French text and in the French style which was still favoured at the Viennese court in 1764. It is one of the transitional pieces from the old *opéra comique* to the more hopeful German dramatic opera, and full of charm in the combination of French grace and stage technique with the lyrical earnestness of the awakening emotion of the German composer. There are nobly formed airs of that frequently archaic melancholy which we love in Gluck. There are *Malismen* which in their flexibility prepare the way for Mozart. There are also drolleries in burlesque passages, especially in some *terzetti*, built up in a masterly manner, the humour of which we can still enjoy today. There are three grateful *buffo* parts—not only the inevitable tenor manservant, but also a begging

friar and a cracked painter, who have great opportunities for characteristic musical passages. The painter, when describing his pictures, with rocks, battles, and streams, develops a naturalistic painting of remarkable wit. The orchestra that Gluck has written is not merely composed of the ordinary tonality of the Janitschar music; it has brilliant inventions and an unusual employment of wind instruments, a transparency of painting with isolated instruments such as he had already made use of shortly before in the famous celestial air of Orpheus. It is a little long, but it pleased the audience greatly.

Kleiber, supported by a number of good singers, conducted quite in the correct style; Aravantinos went even farther in his decorations, making use of the most fantastic light effects in front of and behind magical prospects; and Hörth, the producer, brought so much mimical animation into this ensemble of old forms and dances, especially in the interpretation of the rather long prologue and epilogue, that the evening was filled with delight and good humour and raised the revival to a discovery.

BOOK REVIEWS

SCYTHIAN AND BABYLONIAN ART

Messrs. Benn have produced two new volumes of their Kai Khosru series of monographs on Eastern Art—"Scythian Art" by Professor Gregory Borovka, Keeper of the Scythian Antiquities at the Hermitage, and "Babylonian Art" by Simon Harcourt-Smith. The styles of the two writers stand at opposite poles, Professor Borovka's being that of a scholar who, when enthusiastic, rhapsodizes; Mr. Harcourt-Smith's that of an entertaining journalist who favours flippancy. Of the two styles the latter is the preferable. Mr. Harcourt-Smith's book makes amusing and stimulating reading, and if at times he is inclined to don short trousers again it is a momentary lapse which does not injure the freshness of the book. It was unfortunate for him that Mr. Woolley's epoch-making discoveries came too late to be incorporated in his book, because our outlook on the period has been rather considerably altered, and, if the results had been available, it might not have been necessary to include the Achæmenian objects shown, which are inevitably in the nature of padding. Apart from that, his selection of illustrations is admirable. Students of that epoch will find the book difficult to handle because Mr. Harcourt-Smith has not used any of the recognized classification of time-divisions, and the complete absence of any list of illustrations or a bibliography is a venial fault; but for the lay-reader this is an attractive and, on the whole, accurate survey. Professor Borovka's book is a serious contribution to art-history. In the first place, there is an exceedingly valuable series of plates, some unpublished and the majority only available in the very inaccessible *Compte-Rendus* of the Russian Archaeological Institute; secondly, there is the writer's own well-reasoned essay on the subject of Scythian art, which is in many ways more useful than the exhaustive works of Minns and Rostovtzev, because of its conciseness. There is also an invaluable bibliography and a well-annotated plate list. Professor Borovka has combined very happily the two ways of the scientist and the propagandist, and the result is that his book serves both for student and dilettante. The series of objects reproduced will come as a revelation to most people,

and it may be said that no book published on any art subject in the last year or two is calculated to exercise a more profound influence on modern art—and in particular sculpture—than this: a work which has long been required from such an authoritative source. In both books I have nothing but praise for the format and reproductions.

LEIGH ASHTON.

DECORATION IN ENGLAND, FROM 1640 TO 1760, by FRANCIS LENYON. Second Edition. (B. T. Batsford.) £2 10s.

The second edition of "Decoration of the Stuart and Georgian Periods" differs from the first in that it includes examples of the early Late Renaissance in England, from 1640 to 1660, but omits a number of subjects of late classic type, principally Adam, later than 1760, which is now dealt with in the fourth volume of the "Library of Decorative Art." The four volumes of this library, therefore, now form a continuous series treating of English decoration and furniture during three centuries, from 1500 to 1820.

At this date—the volume was first published in 1914—it would be superfluous to discuss the merits of a publication which has become a standard book of reference. Its concise, informative text, its admirably chosen, carefully arranged and well-reproduced illustrations make it indispensable to all who are in any way, i.e. as collectors, dealers, experts and craftsmen, concerned with "period" furniture and decoration.

The sequence of wonderful examples of a past age suggests, however, another use for this book, as indeed for the whole "library." It evokes thoughts and even emotions which those interested in modern furniture and decoration cannot afford to forgo.

There is first of all the evidence of the enormous amount of thought, of time, of labour, and of artistry, and the resultant sense of opulence and culture which strikes the modern eye and mind with admiration. There is, furthermore, the surprise that the period covered the lives not only of such eminent designers but also of superlatively able executant craftsmen. Then there arises admiration for the patrons who had the taste, the courage,

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as well as the means to give these artists and craftsmen their chances. There are rooms such as the drawing-room (Fig. 32), and library (Fig. 31), at Chesterfield House, by Isaac Ware; Sir Robert Walpole's library at Houghton Hall, and, above all, the now demolished beauties of Coombe Abbey, Warwickshire (Figs. 12, 43, 184); there are details of interior architecture and decoration, such as the carved balustrade at Dunster Castle, Somerset (Fig. 175), the marble chimneypieces at Houghton Hall (Figs. 134, 135), or the simple painted and grained chimneypiece at 31 Old Burlington Street (Fig. 137); there are the ceilings such as that of the Chapel, Belton House, Lincolnshire (Fig. 218), or of the City Club, Castlegate, York (Fig. 220), and many other instances which make one marvel at the exquisiteness of the "taste" of the past compared with what some call "our blatant vulgarity."

Finally, however, there comes the conviction that these old decorators perpetrated as many offences against good taste, and took more trouble to make them permanent, than our designers today. The interior decorations at Claydon (Figs. 96, 118, 157) are monstrosities, and the chimneypiece there (Fig. 158) nothing less than a heinous offence. If these things are more or less exceptions—though the *chinoiseries* were pretty common—there are quite a number of lesser lapses into "bad form." Stuccoed ceilings, for example, overwhelmed low rooms, as at Brickwell, Sussex (Fig. 11), and ceiling and wall paintings were nearly always full of unpardonable solecisms (Figs. 198, 202, 204, 208), the more unpardonable because they were so carefully done. Altogether, pictorial decoration seems never to have received proper attention. Framed and portable pictures seem always to have been out of place. Indeed, it is difficult to find cases of which that is not true. The library at Chesterfield House (Fig. 31) is such an exception, or the library at Denham Place (Figs. 48 and 49). Even in the "Marriage à la Mode" illustration (Fig. 15), by Thornhill's brother-in-law, Hogarth, we can see the customary offence of not making the size of the canvas to fit the dimensions of the panelling. Nor is Daniel Marot's careful observance of this æsthetic necessity (Fig. 124) any more to be commended, because his arrangement degrades easel paintings into mere decorative *motifs*.

In summa: though our forbears set us many good examples of design and unimpeachable standards of craftsmanship, their greater success in decoration is due to social and circumstantial causes rather than to the possession of a more refined æsthetic sense. The social and circumstantial causes are the greater culture and the deeper interests shown by the patrons. It is the nature of the demand which determines the character of the supply. Though for exactly a hundred years now we have acted as if the reverse were the truth.

THE ARTWORKERS' STUDIO, Vol. XXVII, Parts 2, 3, 4. 12s. 6d. each; yearly subscription, four parts, £2 10s. net. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.)

The three new numbers of the "Artworkers' Studio" submitted for review continue in the tradition of this old-established periodical. The reproductions are of their usual excellence, and amongst the subjects are many of exceptional interest; to mention a few which at the same time will also demonstrate the wideness of their range: in No. XXVII, 2, Javanese Batik, nineteenth century; Persian faience, thirteenth century; coloured gesso screen, by Louis Gruber, and North American and Japanese masks; in No. XXVII, 3, Arras tapestry, early fifteenth century; cupboard doors in inlay; Dutch early eighteenth century; in No. XXVII, 4, cushions in woolwork, from Vierland, near Hamburg, early nineteenth century; Dutch and German end-papers, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; Chinese porcelain plaque, second half eighteenth century; and so forth. This catholicity in respect of material and period, and more particularly the absence of a definite standard of taste has, however, its manifest drawbacks; there are, at any rate, a good few things included which are hardly worthy of their often very distinguished companions. One must also regret that our own designers and craftsmen are hardly considered at all.

ENGLISH DELFT POTTERY, by MAJOR R. G. MUNDY. With forty-eight pages of illustrations. (Herbert Jenkins.) 25s. net.

The author's introduction commences with the statement that there has been, so far, no book "dealing exclusively with English Delft," leading him to believe "that there should be a demand for this small work."

In this he is not mistaken; but although, so far as the actual text is concerned, it may be called a *small* book, it is in fact a very handsome volume containing forty-eight well-produced plates, printed in monochrome, the pottery being seen against a black background.

Major Mundy, who writes with obvious authority, gives the names of the various potteries which produced English "Delft," together with the characteristics which distinguish the different makes, an excellent chapter on the technique of the craft, and biographical notes on the potters and painters of this branch of the ceramic art.

Æsthetically, English Delft varies from the crudest, but nevertheless attractive, peasant type, such as the William and Mary plate reproduced on Plate XXI, to the more or less ambitious imitation of the Chinese style as, for instance, on Plates XXIV and XXV.

As a reference book indispensable, "English Delft Pottery" should make a good recruiting medium for new collectors.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

Music and Peace.—"Nation shall speak unto nation" is the motto of the arms that stand at the top of the programmes of the National Symphony Concerts which the B.B.C. is giving at the Queen's Hall. The design hardly bears this motto out. For the shield is flanked by two eagles, and the crest is a helmet surmounted by a

lion—an animal not remarkable for its pacific nature. This lion marchant holds in his right paw a torch, from which emerge the conventional symbols of the Jovian lightning. On the shield is a globe surrounded by a ring (the magic ring of wireless), which perhaps is also meant to suggest Saturn and the golden age of the world when that

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old god ruled it. Seven stars on an azure field suggest I know not what, except, maybe, the high ambition of Savoy Hill to communicate one day with the astral bodies that move in the ether.

From this not particularly auspicious heraldic device it is but a step for the mind to speculate on the share that music is meant to take in the spreading of the gospel of peace—a shorter step, indeed, since the B.B.C. have been very liberal in providing us with the opportunity of hearing new, or contemporary music, in which we get a reflection of the trend of the currents which shape history. Music is not, of course, a medium for the exchange of ideas. Music explains nothing. You cannot translate the Covenant of the League of Nations into music; neither can you arrange a musical formula which shall resolve, let us say, the ambitions of Mussolini to Italianize the Southern Tyrol with the determination of the Southern Tyrolese to remain German. What music does, or should do, is to express the underlying feelings which persuade men that their own culture and beliefs are better (at least for themselves) than anyone else's culture or beliefs. In a word, music is the outward manifestation of the profoundest things in human nature—things which men would die for sooner than surrender.

A Glance at the Past.—The notion that music is the handmaid of peace receives little sanction from history. Looking back over the past one finds that it has been rather a trumpet urging men to war than a dove cooing them to peace. When the natives of Ashanti wish to emphasize their Ashanti-ism, they do so through their drums, and very marvellous music it is. In similar fashion the Tyrolese express their enthusiasm for their Tyrolean culture by singing their own songs, which the Italian Government tries to prevent them doing. Instances crowd in on one from every age to show that music, as the handmaid of national sentiment, has been a splendid instrument of war. The Churches support the League of Nations, but they still sing the warlike songs which the Israelites chanted to Jehovah; and when the primitive Christians were carrying on their passive warfare against the social fabric of the ancient world they met death with hymns expressive of the ultimate triumph of their cause. One need not emphasize the point, of which one finds confirmation in the music of the Janissaries, in the psalm-singing of the Roundheads, in the shouting of the "Marseillaise" by the revolutionary armies of France, in the battle-songs of the Republic. The intimate connection between music and those antinomies in mankind which seem to be unresolvable except by war is patent and undeniable.

Nineteenth-century Examples.—True, all these instances have to do with music which has not become the means of expression for individual genius. They all belong more or less closely to the genre of folk-music. But the analogy between music as the expression of a national, or folk consciousness, and the music which has been created by a single great mind, is sufficiently complete to show that its underlying function remains the same. One finds in Wagner the most eloquent and convincing aspect of the German belief in an overwhelming national mission; in Verdi the passionate desire for national freedom; in Tchaikowsky the emotional weakness, the pessimism, which colours everything that comes out of Russia. Beethoven owes his enormous influence very largely to the fact that his music idealizes the violence and

passion of the era of which he was the greatest prophet. These outstanding figures have reflected in their work feelings, the ideas that were floating in men's minds. And they impressed their own generation (in so doing impressing the generations that came after) because their greater sensitiveness enabled them to feel more strongly than others. Had they thought more and felt less they would have expressed themselves otherwise than in music. It is precisely because music speaks to the heart rather than to the head that they were able to merge the particular in the general and to say things that we continue to recognize as possessing the virtues of sincerity and truth.

These necessarily crude generalizations lead to the question how far contemporary music is a faithful mirror of the deeper emotions of the time. Does nation speak to nation through its tones? Is there any one voice to which Europe bows as the seer of a new era, whatever that era may promise of peace or war? Does any composer, be he French or Russian, German, American or English, sum up in himself the hopes and ideals of the future, as did Beethoven, or even Wagner? Is there even any man of smaller mould who says things that not merely a restricted circle of specially trained minds consider to be new and vital? Put it on a lower level still, and ask whether there is any composer living the production of a new work by whom is an event of European interest? Twenty years ago one could have said "Yes" to the last question. But Puccini is dead, and Strauss no longer holds the dominating position in music that was once his.

Meaningless Modern Music.—The three new works that we have heard more or less recently at the Queen's Hall have all come from composers who are known outside their own immediate environment. Respighi is head of the Conservatoire in Rome, and so is officially regarded as one of the leading Italian composers of the day. Holst stands amongst the small group of three or four who are generally acknowledged to lead the phalanx of contemporary British composers. Schonberg for many years has been hailed by a number of critics and connoisseurs as the phenomenon in present-day music, the Messiah who is to lead the art into a new land. Yet in no case can the compositions by these men be said to have excited more than an academic interest. They were heard with the quiet attention which new music does not always get in other countries, and the audiences politely signified their approval at the end. In short, they were favourably received. But as to touching any of the fibres of the public's heart, as to holding up a mirror in which we could recognize our transcendental selves, in which we could find the sublimation of our hopes, fears, hates, loves, our secret longings, our inexpressible desires—nothing of the sort.

Since the "Gurrelieder" are professedly inspired "by the cosmic feeling which arises from the relation of the ego to the world," one cannot be accused, in the case of Schonberg, of trying to extract a quart from a pint pot. And though it is true that they were written nearly thirty years ago, that is not an unduly long interval for new and original work to soak into the public consciousness. The fact remains that their performance excited hardly more than a ripple. The "Gurrelieder" provoked neither enthusiasm nor animosity. The critics were equally Laodicean, and it is more than likely that this work will not be heard again in London in our time. Of Schonberg's



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experiments in other forms, this is not the place to speak. But it can be safely postulated that such music is unfitted to be a means of communication between nation and nation.

Holst and Respighi.—What of Respighi and Holst? Neither of the works in question by these composers suffer from lack of ambition. Holst's "Egdon Heath," dedicated to Thomas Hardy, aims at suggesting in sound that peculiar sense of communion with Nature which we get amidst the unassuming wildness which lurks over the waste land of quiet Wessex. It is a theme of universal import. The love for the land where one has been born and bred is at once the thing that we understand best in ourselves and least in others. Just as we cannot see women that other men love with their eyes, so we cannot comprehend the love that other men bear for the land that is theirs. Half the troubles in Europe today arise from this obscurity of vision. Yet how many who listened to "Egdon Heath" flattered their hopes, as expressed in the motto on the B.B.C. programme I have quoted (this particular work was given at a Philharmonic concert), that this composition made clear what had hitherto been dark, and that henceforth there would be less reason than before for misunderstanding of this elementary motive of human action? The only thing that "Egdon Heath" could explain would be the determination of the countryman to become a townsman.

Respighi was no more able than the others to sound a note that should carry some message from nation to nation. "Four Impressions" for orchestra was the most vapid affair imaginable, in which one listened to the not unfamiliar process of a composer with nothing to say using a huge orchestra to make it plain to the meanest intelligence. Called "Church Windows," it reminded one of the garish examples of a lost art in which our Victorian grandfathers commemorated their kith and kin. Even in the movement depicting the Archangel Michael it only managed to suggest the swashbuckling attitude which the Fascists, admirable

people as they are in many respects, think necessary to adopt towards other nations weaker than themselves. Were that an authentic note it might produce great music. As a message of war it would at least be in the tradition. But it suggested nothing more than the attitudinizing which stained glass is apt to portray.

Is Music to Blame?—There are, of course, other composers; one cannot summarize European music with this trio alone. But it would be hard to say that any of them speak as from nation to nation. Stravinsky as a young man wrote one work of indubitable genius; Petroushka, however, stands alone amongst his music, which in its later phases only excites the admiration of a coterie and is unintelligible to the larger musical public. Then there are de Falla, Ravel, Vaughan Williams, Sibelius, all eminent musicians who do not, however, command any really wide allegiance. Strauss, who does, belongs spiritually to an earlier generation. None of these in the public estimation holds a place comparable to the great figures of the fairly recent past, to Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Dvořák. And though I do not wish to assert that the *vox populi*, *vox Dei* principle is a sure test of a composer's stature, or that contemporary judgments are always right—César Franck is a case to the contrary—they form a pretty safe-working hypothesis. In any case, the result is that music in all European countries tends to live upon its past—a sign of our culture, perhaps, but a sign certainly of the failure of the art to give expression to the deeper, more universal feelings of the time. For that, one need not necessarily blame music. One may blame the age. Music—the harbinger of the two primary impulses of man, of war and love, both acquisitive, restless, dynamic—may find it difficult to sing of peace which is static and desires only repose. Brief notes in any case like these are not the place in which to develop an argument of this kind. It must suffice if I have shown reason to distrust the motto of the B.B.C. as applied to the art of music.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

Arthur Briscoe's Pictures, and W. P. Robins's, R.E., Watercolours and Etchings at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.

The most casual observer of Mr. Arthur Briscoe's art must be struck with the fact that he is one of those men who "know what they are talking about." He understands the sea and the men who go down to it in ships. His work must impress not only the "landlubber"—a comparatively easy matter—but the most experienced of the ancient mariners: the "ancient," because those who understand sailing ships are fast dying out. Nevertheless, Mr. Briscoe has the knack of making many of his works dramatically so exciting that even the inexpert can appreciate the drama; such, for example, is the case in the watercolours, "Taking Sail Off Her" (8), "Disabled" (18), "Decks Awash" (26), "Winter—North Atlantic" (53), and the really tragic "Dismasted" (57). Amongst the etchings, "All Hands" (45) stands, perhaps, above many others of almost equal interest. There is only one little point that one would like to question—it has little to do with truth, but some with accuracy. Mr. Briscoe always makes his horizon appear strictly horizontal, even

when his eye was looking along or across a rocking and rolling vessel. That is not my experience of the sea—unfortunately. Is it really his?

Like Mr. Briscoe, Mr. Robins is a realist—that is to say, he places the subject interest before the demands of his work as a work of art; but he is less strictly accurate in his observation of Nature, and despite his calmer subject-matter—the English landscape—more romantic in his outlook, especially in his love for certain tree-forms. Amongst his watercolours, "Leigh-on-Sea" (10) and the "Medway" (75), amongst his etchings, aquatints, and drypoints, "Picts Mill" (40), "Dedham" (43), and "The Stour, near Manningtree" (44) stand out as, perhaps, more individual performances than the albeit pleasant line of the rest.

Mrs. Fisher-Prout's, Miss Wendell Boreel's, and Mr. R. O. Dunlop's Works at the Redfern Gallery.

Mrs. A. Fisher-Prout's paintings, as here assembled, create a pleasant surprise. Isolated pictures of hers, such as one had seen elsewhere in general exhibitions, were possibly

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overwhelmed by more blatant neighbours. These paintings are light in touch, fresh in colour, careful in arrangement, well observed in tone values. There is just a hint of the late Mark Fisher's—her father's—impressionistic technique in the way she handles the pigment. Amongst the most pleasing pictures here are "Cocks Fighting" (2), "Goat and Kid" (11)—both appear to be earlier work; then "Approaching Storm—Siena" (3), nicely held together by the red note of the houses in the centre, "Laurita" (13), and "Celia" (20); and amongst the watercolours, "Anemones and Fuchsia" (28).

Miss Wendell Boreel's etchings suggest their derivation from the Sickert school, as may be seen in "The Ring, Blackfriars" (35) and "Mary Anne Seller" (32), a fine character study, in which the shading by parallel lines is not too disturbing. "The Brighton Front" (20), reminiscent of Whistler's later open line, is very successful.

Mr. R. O. Dunlop's oils are very much better than his "Emotionist" theories and manifestoes. He has a good sense of colour, but his handling of pigments occasionally overwhelms his sense of textures and of form. The "Plaster Cast" (16), for example, does not suggest plaster, and in "Pink Tulips" (3) one has to accept the words of the title for it; it is, nevertheless, a pleasant painting. The same applies to "Blue Jugs and Tulips" (15), "Tulips" (1), the well-arranged "Yellow Bowl" (14), the characteristic "Head" (8). These pictures are all on a small scale; it will be interesting to see what happens when he devotes his considerable gifts to more important paintings.

Eric Gill's Sculpture and Drawings, and Watercolours by Neville Lewis, John Nash, Gilbert Spencer at the Goupil Gallery.

The Renaissance ideal has held its sway over sculpture for so many centuries that any other forms of this art look eccentric to our eyes and invite censure from all who are not able, or perhaps not willing, to clear their minds from preconceptions. I can, however, imagine nothing more salutary for the censoriously inclined than a visit to Mr. Gill's present exhibition. If the colossal torso, "Mankind" (1), carved in Hoptonwood stone, does not convince them that Eric Gill is a great sculptor, then they have at all events the satisfaction of knowing that they have never known and will never know anything about sculpture. It is a magnificent piece of carving, and as subtle—in spite of its heroic dimensions—as the best work of ancient Egypt. Whether the modern master in deliberately making it a fragment, and thus—if truth be told—shirking difficulties of design, is another matter. Still, what he has given us is so convincing that we may forgive him the avoidance of the larger issue. Next to this solemn and grand piece, void of all sensual appeal, the coloured half-figure called "Headdress" (11) is the best, the most individual, and the most original work. It represents the head of a young woman with a curious exotic headdress; and the accents of colour on lips and breasts introduce that touch of sensuality which characterizes more than half this sculptor's work. As a design and as carving it possesses entrancing beauty. Next come the two gravestones—one with a young nude figure in Hoptonwood stone (2), the other with a design, representing the Resurrection, in Portland stone (6). The latter is more ornate, the former more dignified; but one rather wonders whether the ecclesiastical authorities would countenance the presence of a nude, however chaste and beautiful in feeling, in a churchyard. I am afraid the

"yawn" in as well as of graveyards is still regarded as the most suitable mood for such places, especially since the introduction of white marble. Gill's gravestones are admirably wrought, original, and yet in the English tradition. The great stone-carved and coloured crucifix, however, seems to me to suffer from an illogical realism. It is not realistically designed or executed, yet the weight of body is most harassingly suspended by the nail-pierced hands and feet. If such things must be in a modern church, and no doubt the churches will adduce a thousand reasons, then the logic should be without a flaw; let us have either realism or symbolism throughout. There are a number of beautiful carvings here—works, indeed, in which the craftsmanship overrules minor objections which one would otherwise make, and the dozen or two drawings are exquisite. Eric Gill is now unquestionably one of the two most eminent British sculptors.

In the adjoining rooms Messrs. Gilbert Spencer, John Nash, and Neville Lewis exhibit drawings and watercolours. Of the three Mr. John Nash shows finished work, whilst the other two content themselves with the exhibition of real studies and working drawings. Mr. Spencer's hand is a little more subtle, nervous, and perhaps more feminine than Mr. Lewis's. "Nude Study" (1), "Sleeping Child" (3), and "Lucy" (11) are characteristic of his powers. Mr. Lewis's "Head of a Woman" (45) is a powerful study in pen-and-ink, and the "Head of a Kaffir" (36) in blue, and "A Native Family" (43) in brown chalk, are characteristic examples of his understanding of the South African native.

It is never quite an easy matter to express a preference for one or the other of the Brothers Nash; they are both distinguished artists with distinct personalities, though the blood kinship is evident. On the whole, Mr. John Nash is perhaps less subjective and keeps closer to realism. Here he displays, in his light touch and fluid technique, an interpretation of Nature both delicate and pleasing. "Still Life" (17), "The Bridge" (18), "Chalford" (20), "View of Dieppe" (21), and "House on the Bridge" (27) have, in addition, an especially pleasing rhythm in their design.

The Women's International Art Club at the Suffolk Street Galleries.

As was the case with the exhibition of the Society of Women Artists, this year's show of the Women's International Art Club is an improvement on their last. One cannot, of course, get away from the comparative standard in respect of sex, since both societies challenge it in their very name. Having regard to the fact that women are now professionally as well as politically acknowledged as the equals of men, this sex segregation in the arts seems a superfluous anachronism. Moreover, it undoubtedly gives rise to prejudice. However, that is these societies' own affair. The fact is, nevertheless, that the best of the women painters hardly equals the best of the men painters; only amongst the merely competent of both sexes is an equality of achievement to be conceded.

There can, I think, be little doubt that in the present exhibition Miss Clara Klinghoffer's "The Old Troubadour" (141) is an outstanding achievement both as a bit of character delineation and as sheer painting. Next to it, Miss Ethel Walker's several contributions, notably, perhaps, the portrait called "The Earring" (120), and the "Hommage à Sickert" (122), which is truly Sickertish

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in manner. In her "Evening Reverie" (116) the relation of tone-and-colour values, which was apparently the *raison d'être* of this painting, seems to have been missed. Mrs. Lawrenson's "The Dancing Wood" (197) has fine pictorial imagination, slightly diminished by the "staffage." Other good paintings in this central gallery are: Miss Theyre's well-arranged "Bogged Caravan" (129), Miss Helen Conder's "London Snow" (130), Miss Louise Pickard's well-observed "From a Window in Whitehall Court" (138), Miss May Billings' fresh "Dahlias" (147) and Miss Muriel Wilson's "Poinsettias" (149) and "Sun-flowers" (179), Mrs. Fothergill Abbot's "Still Morning on Lake Como" (153), Mrs. Fidler's flowerpiece "The Honey Pot" (168), Mrs. Robertson's "Camelia" (200), especially good in colour, Mrs. Dods-Withers' "Old Tanneries on the Arrière" (212), and two unnumbered animal studies by Miss Bresslern-Roth, of Graz, Austria. This reminds us of the international section furnished this year by the "Wiener-Frauen-Kunst." It makes the British work seem very "tame," as does most continental work. The most exciting undoubtedly are Stephanie Hollenstein's wildly romantic and passionately coloured landscapes, "Portofino Mare" (79) and "By the Sea" (94). On the Continent these would be considered "rational" enough; here they will occasion much shaking of heads, but there is no doubt that they are well-designed and good in colour. For those who like less turbulent expression, Anne Lesznais' "Birds" (107) and "Slovakian Village" (108), and Sascha Kronburg's "Flowers" (114) and "St. Francis and the Trees" (106)—puzzle: find the saint—will be more acceptable. Amongst the prints, Helene Funke's drypoint, "Expectation" (90), and Ary Schroeder's woodcuts for Balzac, in case (115), are of special merit; Emma Schlangenhausen's cuts also deserve mention. The average here, however, is no better than amongst the British members. Lack of space forbids further detailed comment; I can therefore only enumerate the following as worthy of notice. In the north-west gallery, Miss Inglis' "Study of Glass" (29), Miss Fox's "Autumn Treasure" (38), Miss Jessie M. King's "Getting Better" (55); in the south-east gallery, several aquatints by Laura Knight, A.R.A. (242-244-245), Mrs. Sargent-Florence's "Fresco Screen" (269), Miss Mary McDowall's "Ornamental Decoration" (258 and 281), Mrs. Dibdin's clay "Jewellery" (313), Miss Franklin's "Batik Shawls," and the wood engravings by Miss Donaldson (260, 262), and Miss Berridge (264), and, of course, Orovide's aquatint-etchings, already well known. The pieces and pawns for a civil war chess set by Delphis and Phyllis Gardner (317-318) also deserve notice. The best thing in the south-west gallery is Miss Norman's "Field Bund" (325), and Miss Tharle Hughes's Bali pictures (330-334) are topographically of great interest.

National Museum of Wales Coming-of-Age.

Twenty-one years ago, on the 19th of March, King Edward VII granted a Royal Charter bringing into existence the National Museum of Wales, which is situate in Cardiff. It has been a plant of slow growth, as its progress was much hampered by the cessation of building operations during the war. The museum was, however, formally opened last year by King George V.

The building itself is a magnificent pile, probably the finest of the well-known group of public and educational buildings erected in Cathays Park, Cardiff. The architect is Mr. A. Dunbar Smith, F.R.I.B.A., of London.



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES

The entrance hall (here illustrated) is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful interiors in the British Isles, and the museum itself has been so designed as to be well adapted for the purpose for which it was intended. There are public exhibition galleries dealing with geology, botany, zoology, archæology, and art, and the authorities of the museum have very properly concentrated upon the Welsh side of their activities—the fundamental object of the museum being to "teach the World about Wales and the Welsh people about their own fatherland."

The museum has done much for Wales as a whole, and is in the closest touch with all local museums in the Principality. Loan collections are sent out to university colleges and schools, and members of the museum staff lecture frequently in every county.

The late Lord Pontypridd was the first president, and he was followed successively by Lord Mostyn, Lord Treowen, and the late Lord Kenyon. The present president is Lord Aberdare. The late Dr. William Evans Hoyle, formerly of the Manchester Museum, was director from 1909-24, and was followed by Dr. R. E. M. Wheeler, now of the London Museum. The present director is Dr. Cyril Fox, F.S.A.

Blair Hughes-Stanton, William McCance, Gertrude Hermes, Agnes Millar-Parker at the St. George's Gallery.

Being used to seeing for the most part watercolours with white margins in this gallery, the general impression of this present exhibition comes upon one as a surprise, and a rather unexpectedly pleasant one; for the exhibitors belong to the bolder experimentalists amongst the younger generation. It is a great pity that closer inspection must rule out from this favourable view most of Mr. Hughes-Stanton's contributions. They are, in colour and in abstract design, by no means unpleasing, but the design is turned through its associative subject-matter into something that one can only characterize as unnecessarily unpleasant. The strongest talent here is probably Mr. McCance's, but his little painting of interiors, such as "The Bedroom Downstairs" (9) or "Entering an Empty House" (11), are, despite their exaggerated perspective distortions, more serious works of art than his more pretentious but also easier abstractions in, for example, "Masonry and Rocks" (37) or "Conflict" (39). Miss Millar-Parker, too, is far

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more convincing in the almost uncanny "Interior" (53), with its Edgar Allen Poe-ish animal, than in the "Robots" of "Tree Work" (5), "Farndale Fair" (7), and others. Is it not time that all these geometrical curves and conic sections disappeared from the studios of serious artists? They only represent an *impasse*. After all, Mr. McCance shows us in the painting "Fruit in a Room" (47), and even more clearly in the modelled heads, "My Mother" and "John," how he really sees form; and if one could wish that he had not deemed it essential to enlarge the heads beyond life size, there is no doubt that all these things are far beyond geometrical abstractions, even in *aesthetic* values. If abstraction is to be tried when it is in its right place, why not go "the whole hog"? Miss Hermes's door-knocker "Swallow," for instance, would be greatly improved if one were not conscious of inflicting pain by knocking the unfortunate knocker-bird on its breast. Her "Dog" (61), in carved stone, is a much more satisfactory piece of work; so is the sunny "Rotten Row" (16) but for the rather poor horse. Other good prints are the aquatint, "Miss Ffrangcon Davies in the 'Immortal Hour'" (18), "A Fountain, Rome" (1), and "Church Parade" (39).

The Army Officers' Art Society's Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries.

This exhibition would have been better if it had been worse: that is to say, if there had been more downright work, more evidence of a compelling need to express some deep-felt emotion and less of an attempt to compete with the professional artist—even economically!

Apart from Captain Adrian Jones, whose life-size equestrian portrait of Field-Marshal Earl Haig is a piece of professional portrait-painting, but has not merits equal to his statuary, there are very few officers whose work invites more serious attention. Amongst these exceptions are Captain W. L. T. Fisher, who has something to say with his *pointillist* technique, notably in "On the River Meadows" (25), and Captain G. O. C. Probert with his oils and watercolours, notably with "Mongins, from Notre Dame de la Vie" (210) and "At El Kantara" (89). Technically by far the most efficient, if "old style," water-colour painter is Col. H. R. B. Donne. Particularly good examples of his talent are "From the Madonna del Soccorso" (167), "Lake Cerno, Looking West" (280), and the convincing "On the Hindustan-Tibet Road" (266). Lt.-Col. J. Bois's "A Turkhana Chief" (180) distinctly needs a word of praise, not because it is in any sense technically distinguished, but because the artist has succeeded in conveying to the spectator his amusement at the grotesque old rascal. Another picture, though in a very different mood, owes its merit to emotion rather than to technical ability. It is a still-life group called, significantly, "Memories" (367), by Captain E. C. Boon, and represents various Indian mementoes seen against a bright red Indian shawl. It is sufficiently well done to make—in its black frame—a very pleasant decorative ensemble. Other works which may be noted as standing above the average are Col. W. Loring's "A Calm Sea" (9), Captain J. B. Oakes's "On the Waveney" (2), Lt.-Col. Stewart's "Rocky Coast of Jersey" (21), Major E. A. P. Brookes's somewhat sentimental but able "Moonlight on the Troubled Sea" (55), Lt.-Col. C. S. Nairne's watercolour "Edinburgh" (76) and pen-drawing "Greengrocers" (123), Captain J. E. Knyvett's "In a Kentish Wood" (87),

and Major A. J. Saunders's "Rock-cut Temple of Kailas, Ellora" (212). Col. M. A. Tuite's "Nude" (16) deserves mention, too, if only for the courage displayed in attempting to rival the National Gallery "Venus."



PORTRAIT OF ALESSANDRO FARNESE Tintoretto
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A.

The "Portrait of Alessandro Farnese" by Tintoretto, recently secured to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, through the generosity of Mrs. W. Scott Fitz and Mr. Robert Treat Paine, is the second significant work by the great sixteenth-century Venetian to be acquired by the museum within the past fifteen months. Announcement was made last winter of the purchase of Tintoretto's "The Adoration of the Magi," a representative example of the master's religious paintings. This recent accession is a no less characteristic work in the field of portraiture.

For more than a century the painting has been in a private collection in Scotland, whither it was brought from Italy by a direct ancestor of the family. It has never been called to the attention of the outside world, and its very seclusion has prevented European scholars from access to it.

The portrait is unusual in that it shows the sitter while still a boy. Rarely did Tintoretto paint portraits of boys and girls, and even then only as parts of a group or in attendance upon some seigneur.

There is little here to suggest the crowded life which awaited Alessandro Farnese as general, diplomatist, statesman, and as Regent of the Netherlands—a position to which he was later appointed by his uncle, Philip II of Spain. He is alive and earnest; his countenance is severe, hardly in keeping with the gaiety of his apparel, yet "he wears the rose of youth upon him."

The painting is dated 1565 and falls in the middle years of the painter's career.

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English Landscapes by David Muirhead, A.R.W.S., at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery.

Despite his long residence in England Mr. David Muirhead invests his watercolours with a Scottish air which, perhaps, constitutes their charm, as it certainly does their distinction. His palette makes most of his watercolour paintings studies in greys of subtlety as well as dramatic force. At times, indeed, the drama of his skies is apt to overwhelm the landscape. "The Tweed, Berwick" (3), "Ely" (20), "Chatham" (24), "Craigmillar Castle" (28), "Woodbridge Haven" (38), and "Dunwich Church" (57)—now an historical record since the building has disappeared with its fifty companions in the relentless sea—are excellent and covetable specimens

"Twilight in the Sierra Nevada" (14), the "El Mirador, Generalife" (12), the "clean" "Cathedral, Murcia" (17), and the pleasant "Spring" (27), with its foil of dark branches against the pink blossoms. Technically and aesthetically, comparison of the originals with reproductions in the admirable "Portfolio" is of the very greatest interest. This portfolio contains eighteen collotypes, tinted by the artist and accompanied by a Spanish-English explanatory text. The interesting point is that these tinted collotypes are in most cases preferable to the original drawings. Notably is this the case with "Ceramics Andaluza" (19 and plate xv), "El Palacio del Generalife" (4 and plate xiii), and "Los Arcos Lobulados" (3 and plate ii). The plates are much simpler in drawing and in colouring; as a consequence, the design makes itself felt



"THE SEVERN"
By David Muirhead, A.R.W.S.

By courtesy of Messrs. Colnaghi

of his style, as is also "The Severn" (11), which is here illustrated.

"Recuerdos de España," Watercolour Drawings by Mary Hogarth at the Independent Gallery.

Dr. Mary Hogarth's records of Moorish Spain are of considerable interest. They are what she calls them, "Watercolour Drawings"; they might, perhaps, with even greater accuracy have been called sketches, were it not that this word has fallen into bad repute owing to its offspring, "sketchiness." The drawings are not elaborate, except in some cases, such as the architectural study of "The Cathedral, Granada" (1), but they are always full of meaning. Often the subject has manifestly interested her more than the drawing as such, which is hardly to be wondered at, seeing the "España Arabe" is the most romantic part of Europe, since it is to her that we owe the beginnings of romance and all it connotes or, if not all, much more than we are usually prepared to admit. Amongst the drawings which can, so to speak, stand on their own feet are: "La Vega de Granada" (10), with its extended view, the

as an agreeable and often quite unusual pattern. The portfolio gives all she has to say in an admirably quintessential form.

Mancini Exhibition in Milan.

A very interesting exhibition is now being held in the Castello Sforzesco at Milan, entirely of the work of that fine painter, Antonio Mancini. The scope of this exhibition is not commercial, but intended to bring together some of this artist's most representative paintings, and to do honour to one who, in his now ripe old age, is one of the glories of Italian art in his generation. Mancini is well known and appreciated in this country and in America; and only recently there has been given a small but well-organized display of his paintings and pastel drawings at the Claridge Galleries in London. Essentially a colourist—and no less southern in his inspiration, his unfailing gaiety of palette and outlook in life—on the Castello display at Milan we can study him both in that earlier period, which has many attractions, but is more reserved in drawing and colour, and in what has been called his Frascati period

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in the admirable introduction to the catalogue of this exhibition which, with its fine colour-plates, is itself a work of art.

Old and New Etchings by Ian Strang at the Lefèvre Galleries.

The attraction of Mr. Ian Strang's etchings is their uncompromising nature. They are hard. This hardness goes well with architecture, with street views, and especially with buildings in course of construction and demolition. Mr. Strang is not by any means original, if originality consists in choosing new subject-matter; for both his father and especially Mr. Muirhead Bone have "inspired" him, as they themselves were similarly affected by Méryon and Piranesi. Nevertheless, Mr. Strang is original by reason of the very rigidity of his line, which makes such plates as "Demolition of the Empire Theatre" (21), "Savoy Steps, Strand" (42), "The Preservation of St. Paul's" (20), "Cannon Street Station" (10), "Harley Street" (9), and other similar subjects highly individual and desirable. His views of landscape scenery, such as "Snowhill" (40), or "A Sussex Windmill" (34), are manifestly not suited to his style, which cannot render movement whether of figures or of clouds with sufficient flexibility.

The Contemporary Art Society's Exhibition of Recent Acquisitions.

This year's admirable exhibition of Mr. Campbell Dodgson's Recent Acquisitions on behalf of the Contemporary Art Society's Print Fund must not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Out of the one-hundred-and-three works exhibited, all of a high standard, I find I have marked nearly sixty on account of their singular interest or general merit. In such circumstances not only critical comment but even enumeration would occupy more space than I have at my disposal. Suffice it to say that the range is wide—the media include watercolours and drawings, etchings, drypoints, line and wood engravings, woodcuts and linoleum cuts, lithographs and lithographs printed in colour—and varied, the nationalities represented being English, French, Spanish, Austrian, German, Czech, Japanese, Polish, American, Greek, Dutch and Belgian.

The policy of the Society is to send their acquisitions "on tour" through the provinces, whence they ultimately return to London and are then offered to the Trustees of the British Museum for presentation to the Department of Prints and Drawings, or to other galleries. The Keeper of Prints and Drawings, *ex officio*, administers the fund, and makes such purchases from it as he thinks desirable, reporting to the Committee.

That this scheme of leaving the selection to one person instead of a committee works well in the case of the present Keeper is abundantly proved, and it is to be hoped that readers of *APOLLO*, who are not already members, will hasten to add their names to the list of donors or subscribers.

Mr. Boerner's Sale of Prints.

Mr. C. G. Boerner's of Leipzig's print sale in May is likely to be the event of the season. It will include valuable examples of every kind of old print, beginning with the earliest Italian engravings and ending with a group of English and French eighteenth-century prints.

The earliest print included in the sale is "The Virgin and Child Enthroned with Saints" (Pass., v, 136, 10) by the so-called "Master of the Larger Vienna Passion,"

a wonderful example of the "fine manner." Other early prints are the "Hercules and Antæus" (B., xiii, 202, 1), attributed by Bartsch to Pollajuolo and reproduced in Mr. Hind's catalogue; "The Last Judgment" (B., xiii, 268, 23), a very important example of the Florentine broad manner; "Two Peasants" (Pass., v, 78, 24) and "Minerva and another Goddess in a Landscape" (Pass., v, 21, 34), also of the utmost rarity; "Theseus" (Pass., v, 20, 29), a unique impression from the Sternberg collection; furthermore, twenty of the so-called "Tarocchi Cards," once falsely attributed to Montagna, also the famous "Battle of the Sea Gods" and the "Bacchanalian Group with Silenus," definitely ascribed to him. Other famous Early Italian masters represented in this sale are Zoan Andrea, Jacopo de Barbari, Giov. Ant. de Brescia, Giulio and Domenico Campagnola, Jac. Francia, Mocetto, Montagna, Raimondi, Robetta, Rosex da Modena. A strange print (B.15), by the so-called "Master of the Year 1515," and a number of *nielli*, will cause some excitement amongst collectors.

Amongst the Early German and Netherlandish engravings are a superlatively fine impression of the "Virgin with the Parrot" (B.29), by Schonzauer, and a complete set of the "Passion"; further, the "Judgment of Solomon" (B.2), by the Master FVB, may be singled out for special mention.

The sixteenth century is represented by Dürer, Baldung, Burgkmair, Schöufelim, and the little masters. Among the seventeenth-century prints there is a small but choice series of etchings by Rembrandt, including two especially interesting and contrasting impressions of the "Presentation in the Temple" (B.50), from the Rémy, Barnard, Davidson collections, and Dr. Streeter's and Mr. Richard Gutekunst's private collection respectively. Vandyck, Bol, Ostade, Thomas van Ypern, the Van der Velde's etchings are also included, as are a number of the finest French and English colour prints of the eighteenth century.

In connection with the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Albrecht Dürer, which occurs this month, Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd., of 94 High Holborn, are publishing, in a limited edition of 100 copies, a sumptuous portfolio of facsimiles of the artist's choicest drawings in colour, line, and wash, selected from the unique collection of originals preserved in the Albertina Museum at Vienna. The subjects, which are mostly in colour, have been chosen by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, M.A., C.B.E., the Keeper of Prints and Drawings, British Museum, who is one of the greatest living authorities on Dürer; and he will also contribute an introduction and descriptive text.

The price of the portfolio will be £15.

Sir Banister Fletcher has just completed the revision of his well-known "History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," and the work will be published in an eighth edition during March by Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. In no more than a thousand pages Sir Banister deals with the whole range of architecture from the Egyptian Pyramids to the latest buildings in Pall Mall. He selects with unerring instinct the things that should be seen and admired, and tells the reader why they are admirable.

The new edition reveals evidences of careful revision, and the restorations of classic cities which are among the new illustrations introduced should prove particularly welcome.

